

**INSIDE: MEXICO'S
WEEK OF DEATH**



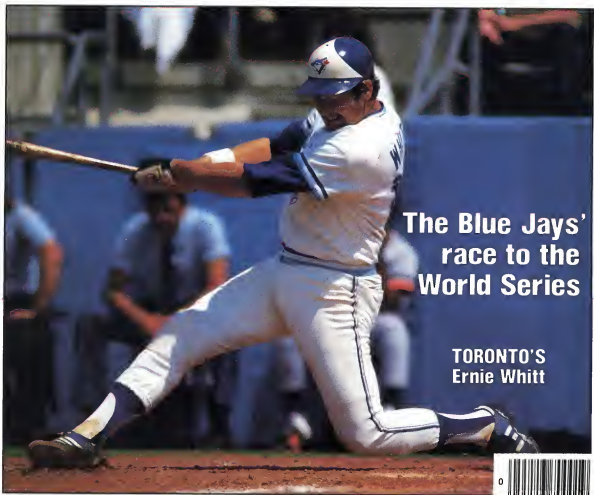
Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 30, 1985

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

\$1.75

'THE BEST TEAM IN BASEBALL'



**The Blue Jays'
race to the
World Series**

**TORONTO'S
Ernie Whitt**



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 26, 1985 VOL. 81 NO. 20

COVER

The best team in baseball

Although the Toronto Blue Jays have no real superstars and are largely unknown in the United States, they have the best winning record in the major leagues and, if they continue to stay ahead of the New York Yankees, they may become the first team outside the United States to win a berth in the World Series. — **Page 26**

COVER PHOTO: TOP ART: CLARK PHOTOPRODUCTION; RIGHT: TOP: BOB BRAD SCHWAB/REUTERS; BOTTOM: SHUTTERSTOCK



Ottawa's new political storm
After a furious debate erupted in Parliament last week, Fisheries Minister John Fraser recalled more than a million tons of tainted tuna from grocery stores. — **Page 22**



Substance and superficiality
Canadians can enjoy a wealth of homegrown television drama this season, but the American networks are serving up rapid rises of earlier successes. — **Page 66**



Mexico City's days of death
The morning rush hour in Mexico City had just begun when the city started to shake and collapse. When the earthquake's tremors subsided, rescuers rushed to dig. — **Page 22**



Angling on the faded Bow
Teeming with trophy-sized trout, Alberta's Bow River is a wonder for U.S. anglers, but few Canadians outside the fishing community know of its treasures. — **Page 6**

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Two faces of news

A successful summer fades into the critical fall countdown to the World Series opener, the Toronto Blue Jays have a solid chance to become the first non-American team to play in the sports classic. And that poses a problem for a lot of fans learning to love a Toronto team does not come easily to most Canadians. But as this week's cover story makes clear, millions are trying.

For Washington Bureau Chief Marcel McDonald, last week's assignment was to cover a very different—and perfectly tragic—story: the death and destruction caused by Mexico's worst earthquake. Reported McDonald, who experienced the second quake directly: "I had just come back to the hotel for a half-hour dinner break. Having been forced to walk most of the way across the city when police forbade taxis to enter the worst-hit areas, I was just a quick hitch. I was just reducing in the tub when I felt suddenly dizzy, and then realized that the bath water was sloshing over the sides of the tub. The marble bathroom started cracking and a hanging lamp began swinging erratically over my typing table. I neglected all the earthquake measures I had listened to over



McDonald: the story was tragic

Mexican television and hastily dressed and grabbed my note pad. I figured that if I was on hand for a tremor that would wreck more havoc, I didn't want to cover the story naked or without my steno pad. The motion stuns you by the loss of equilibrium and the sense that there may be no firm ground. I began to see why, when I'd arrived in Mexico City, less than 12 hours earlier, there was little hysteria, only an eerie, hushed calm in the streets."

Kevin Doyle

Maclean's Sept. 30, 1985

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A clear need

Asple we read that "Canada possesses as much as 25 per cent of the global supply of fresh water" ("The Irish over water," *Current*, Aug. 30). In truth, Canada has about nine per cent, while the United States has about eight per cent. The water that fills the lakes cannot be counted as a part of a "supply." What we can count is what falls as rain and runs down streams, fills aquifers, giving rise to the nine per-cent estimate. Think of it this way: it doesn't matter if I have a swimming pool full of water and you have a bathtub. If my tap dribles and your tap gushes, then you have the greater supply of water. Publishing inflated estimates of Canada's water supply is dangerous because it influences opinion as to whether to sell water to the south. We must remember that the United States has a water supply almost as great as ours, and it is possible to reuse water many times. Throughout New York has plenty of water flowing its way for domestic supply; the problem is not quantity but quality.

—JOHN SPAGUEL
Guelph, Ont.

Regarding your Aug. 26 editorial, "Water for profit": I am astounded at your apparent belief that negotiating water-transfer schemes "on a rental basis" could be realistic. To imagine the enormous sums would be spent or that the Americans would build on the basis of imported water, only to then permit the taps to be turned off at any time, is pure fantasy indeed. And if Canadians have a ink of faith in their ability to drive a hard bargain, it is surely rooted in past experience with our powerful southern



Industrial stacks, dwindling supply

neighbor. Far better that Montreal's should drive beneath the dubious surface of "barjans," discarded economic justifications and the backroom machinations of some politicians and others with vested interests in order to present a clearer picture of just what is actually involved in proposed water-transfer projects.

—WALTER LEBLANC
Prenovik, Ont.

It is bad enough that the fresh water problems in the United States are partially caused by that country's inability to come to grips with the growing reality of acid rain. The fact that this same inability is also responsible for polluting and destroying fresh water sources in Canada is reprehensible. But our government would even consider selling out our remaining fresh water to the very people responsible for its dwindling supply is surely unthinkable.

—M. MCLENDON
Perth, B.C.

Reviewing the review

Thanks to your review of the movie *Real Genius* ("The Genius of Genius," *Film*, Aug. 30) I experienced the most boring evening of my life. The plotless, no-called comedy offered little more than flat situations, banal dialogue and stoniness overacting. The movie you summed up as "absolutely enjoyable and thoroughly smart" is an affront to the intelligence of the petrous paying audience. *Real Genius* is real boresome.

—KATHLEEN O'NEILL
Kingston, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters, the *Editor*, Maclean's magazine, Maclean House Bldg., 777 Bow St., Toronto, Ont. M5T 1A7.

PASSAGES

DEED Victorian-style designer Laura Ashley, 60, whose company began as a husband and wife team working out of their home in London and grew to its present size of nearly 250 stores around the world and 4,000 employees in 31 years, from injuries she sustained in a fall at her daughter's home, in Walsgrove Hospital, Coventry, England. Ashley, whose husband, Bernard, headed the business and manufacturing details, designed the intricate floral pattern that she applied to fabrics, furniture and clothing.

DEED Living Theatre founder, writer and actor John Beck, 60, whose innovative theatrical presentations including audience participation flourished in the 1950s and 1960s, of a heart attack, in Mount Sinai Hospital, New York. Beck, with his actress wife, Judith Mallon, took their New York-based theatre company to Europe in the 1970s after its popularity faded in the United States.

DEED Airplane stunt pilot Arthur Schell, 52, during the filming of the movie *Top Gun*, when the airplane he was flying crashed into the Pacific Ocean. Five miles off the coast of Keweenaw, Calif. Schell was a frequent flyer in air shows at Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition.

DEED Jazz trumpeter Charlie (Corky) Williams, 77, who played for a total of 50 years in two different stints with the Duke Ellington Orchestra, at his home in Long Island, N.Y. Ellington wrote *Concerto for Corky* to showcase the trumpeter's talent and later recorded it as the popular jazz song *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me*.

DEED Fantasy writer Hake Cuthbert, 51, whose fiction combined science fiction themes and gothic adventure, after suffering a stroke, in Rome, Italy. A Communist Party member in Turin in the late 1940s and 1950s, the Cohen-born author, who later stated that he was spotted, was an acclaimed storyteller whose body of work included *The Stone in the Tree*, *The Castle of Crossed Destinies*, *Nation Polaris* and *Y On a Winter's Night a Traveler*.

DEED Former Macy's Department store executive and physiotherapist Jack Struss, 85, whose family was prominent in the merchandising business since the American Civil War, at Roosevelt Hospital, New York. Struss joined Macy's in 1921 and held several executive positions including president and chief executive officer until 1973, when he became honorary chairman and director emeritus.

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A crusader's rebellion

Ray Kroc, founder of the \$9-billion McDonald's hamburger empire, died of heart failure at the age of 69 on Jan. 14, 1984, leaving a legacy of aggressive support for conservative causes. For years Kroc had furnished a portion of his \$60-million fortune, made from restaurants and hamburgers, into campaigns against abortion and in support of Republican presidential candidates, including Ronald Reagan. But now his 57-year-old widow, Joan B. Kroc, has suddenly shifted course. Backed by the family's estimated 25-per-cent holdings in McDonald's and the Joan B. Kroc Foundation, into which they transferred \$38 million in assets a month before his death, she has unveiled the Kroc family's former political association by throwing herself behind the peace movement. Kroc told *Maclean's*, "The issues I am involved with transcended politics."

Until her husband died Kroc's activism was limited to supporting drug and alcohol treatment centres and programs. Then, ten months after Ray's death, an unemployed security guard

named James Hickey walked into a McDonald's franchise in San Ysidro, Calif., and announced 50 people, including an eight-month-old girl. Staff members at the Joan B. Kroc Foundation say that the frailty Hickey displayed shocked the granddaughter of Ray. Her preoccupation with death found an outlet eight weeks later when she attended the National Women's Conference to Prevent Nuclear War, organized by Washington's Center for Defense Information, a think tank frequently critical of U.S. military policy. There, she met Dr. Helen Caldicott, the Australian-born pediatrician whose 1982 film *If You Love This Planet* made her a major spokeswoman for the peace movement. Kroc began giving money to the doctor's antiwar cause. Currently, the Joan B. Kroc Foun-



Kroc is a vocal anti-war activist.

dation is financing the reprinting of 500,000 copies of Caldicott's antiwar book, *Nuclear Power*, and has pledged to distribute them free to elected government officials and opinion makers.

Spokesmen at Kroc's San Diego-based foundation state that its "number 1" priority is now the "prevention of nuclear war." In July the foundation spent \$750,000 on ads in 94 U.S. daily publications calling for a bilateral, verifiable nuclear freeze agreement with the Soviets. It has also given generous support to peace groups, including a \$500,000 grant to the Center for Defense Information.

Kroc's departure from right-of-centre politics has not gone unnoticed. Robert J. Caldicott, a member of the editorial board of the local newspaper *The San Diego Union*, told *Maclean's*, "She is taking positions Ray Kroc would never support." For her part, Kroc said only: "I love this country very much and I am willing to fight for it. And this is how I am doing my fighting now."

—MARC COOPER in San Diego

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The pragmatic Péquiste

This week an estimated 150,000 Parti Québécois members will elect a new party president and will automatically name the retiring René Lévesque as premier of Quebec. The overwhelming favorite is the present justice minister, Pierre Marc Johnson, 38, whose father, Daniel, was the Union Nationale premier of Quebec from 1966 until his death in 1982. The family belonged to Pierre Marc, known to province both law and medicine, has served as a PQ cabinet minister since 1977. Despite his reputation as the man to beat, throughout the campaign leading up to the Sept. 23 vote he's angered sovereigntists by saying that he would negotiate a deal to have Quebec join the restructured Canadian Constitution. In an interview with Maclean's Quebec editor Anthony Wilson-Smith in Johnson's 30th-floor campaign headquarters in east-central Montreal, the candidate described his ambitions and his plans. *Excerpts.*

Maclean's: Why do you want to be premier?

Johnson: I feel like it. I feel that after

the past eight years as a member of government and legislature, nine years in the legislature, 14 years in the party structure and the fact that now I'm close to 40, I have lots of energy to give.

Maclean's: Everybody took it for granted that you were going to run for the leadership. Did you?

Johnson: I did not take it for granted. I read the polls like everybody and I saw the comments. But that was not enough. The job is demanding on family life. So I discussed it with my son, Marc-Olivier, who is 8. He said, "Do you want to be leader?" I said, "What do you think of it?" He said, "I hate the cartoons, they hurt you." So I told him cartoons were cartoons and that was it. For the rest, I think he understands.

Maclean's: What can you bring the party that it does not have right now?

Johnson: First of all, a certain way of looking at things. I am a very strong believer in the notion of consensus, of regional participation. I am a practical man and I think we must be guided by reality more than ideology in these times of change. We have put so much

into ideology in the past 28 years! Secondly, I believe that the state cannot do everything, it can only distribute the bill. Obviously, the sharing of wealth has been accomplished through taxation and social programs. In the coming years it is going to be by the state's intervention in job creation, whether it be fostering job sharing, the capacity of industries to target on specific markets, manpower training or advances in technology.

Maclean's: Where do you stand on the constitutional issue?

Johnson: There is an extremely important distinction to make here. When I joined the PQ in 1971, I adhered to the notion of sovereignly-association. René Lévesque had been putting forth since 1968. We believed that in Canada there is a sociological and economic way of life which is different from that of the United States, and that there are advantages for Quebec as well as for the rest of Canada in maintaining that difference. I honestly believe that even though we are going to try like mad to get a better market to the south, so far as the economy is concerned there are interesting things to do in an east-west basis. I have always been attached to that notion. In that sense I have never been in the so-called faction of "separatists" in the Parti Québécois. I have always been in the "associationist" group.

Maclean's: If you come to a constitutional agreement with Ottawa, can you put independence aside?

Johnson: Of course. First of all, we are not going to sign just anything. We want something that is a recognition of certain basic realities and aspirations for Quebec—that there is a very distinct place in North America which is Quebec. There are, in that sense, legitimate aspirations in terms of institutions where the French majority expresses itself—whether it be in the judicial system, immigration, linguistic matters or the civil code.

Maclean's: Can you bring hard-line sovereigntists back to the party, and is there any point in trying?

Johnson: Many of them will not come back. I suspect that. It is their trip.

Maclean's: Is there less antagonism toward the present Conservative government than there was toward the previous federal administration?

Johnson: There is no animosity here. There was a let with the Liberals, for a couple of seasons. Trudeau, and Trudeau's people, seemed to be totally obsessed with us ever since the PQ was elected in 1976, and they acted very irresponsibly when it came to public spending in Quebec. There was a hypocritical patronage system in Quebec whose basic objective was to win visibility for the Liberals, and they messed up many

things because there was this hatred of us. Sometimes that drew tough reactions from us. We have no reason to act the same way toward the Conservatives. **Maclean's:** Is there a place for federalists within the PQ?

Johnson: I think there are many people who voted for us in 1981, who were not separatists and were not even "sovereignist-associationist." Our studies show that about 75 per cent of the people who voted Parti Québécois in the last election in 1980 voted Conservative in the last federal election.

Maclean's: Do Quebecers feel less anger over provincial linguistic inequalities?

Johnson: I think there is less anger and resentment. I have the impression that people don't really care. One candidate will illustrate the difference between Quebec of the 1960s and the 1980s. When I was in my early 30s, political action in Quebec meant going to Murray's coffee shop and asking for coffee in French. "Café," after all, sounded simple enough. When you got to "milk" and "ink," it was more difficult.

We would leave a French-English dictionary as a tip. That was political action. We do not need to do that now. In a certain sense Quebec has changed. As legislators we have to take that into account. We must still be vigilant about French as the language of work for French-speaking people.

The principle is that Quebec must have a French face, and keep that. It is fundamental.

Maclean's: What are the main differences between you and the other candidates?

Johnson: In terms of the ideas we defend, there is not that much difference. First of all, in Quebec society there is a large consensus on many issues, even between the Liberals and us. So when you get to a specific political party and then to four cabinet ministers who have worked together for so many as eight years, depending on the case, don't expect to find unbelievable differences of opinion. But there is a way of presenting things, in terms of "it's obvious"—obvious—and strong, which is different. I have lots of energy to give.



Johnson: energetic

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COLUMN

AIDS and the rights of the well

By Barbara Aniel

Last week on Britain's BBC television, an eight-year-old boy was shown kneeling alone, miserable, without friends, shunned by other children. He was known to be a hemophiliac and was feared to have AIDS.

In New York City, when the full school term began, thousands of parents kept their children away from school because city authorities had revealed that somewhere in the school system was a Grade 2 child with AIDS. They would not name the child or the school.

AIDS really is spreading. Doctors won't treat victims of AIDS. Travel companies are trying to screen them out of towns, and firemen say that they do not want to give them mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

This attitude is not unreasonable. AIDS is a fatal disease with no cure in sight. It is spread by sexual contact or body fluids, especially semen and blood, possibly saliva and tears.

But instead of facing up to that and making sure that we do everything possible to halt an epidemic, our society is moving virtually in the opposite direction. By keeping the identity of AIDS victims secret—we never mind the question of quarantining them—we are removing the freedom of our citizens to protect themselves from the disease. And in some cases, such as that of Los Angeles, politicians have passed making it illegal to discriminate against victims of AIDS in employment and housing. It is an unprecedented approach to take in a crisis in public hygiene.

Initially, one is at a loss to understand the scandalous impulse in society. When our cities were dealing with the polio epidemic of the 1940s, we did not hesitate to set up isolation units and mount an aggressive search on the homes of the infected victims. If today we were faced with a resurgence of the bubonic plague or brucella, even though we have medicines for their treatment, our first thought would be to make sure that no infected people were allowed in public places—we would narrowly force employers to hire them.

But AIDS is different for a special reason. Unlike the bubonic plague or brucella, AIDS is one first lethal political disease. What is shocking society's response to it are the two political strains in the virus—homosexuality and promiscuity. Twenty or 30 years ago homosexuals were so unjustly persecuted minority

that they were mostly solitary and needlessly protected. If AIDS had been discovered as a disease prevalent among upper-income white Anglo-Saxon homosexuals, it is a fair bet that the city of Los Angeles would not have rushed to make it unlawful to refuse them a job. By protecting the work force under those political circumstances, it would be clear that we would not be discriminating on the basis of sexual preference but against a fatal disease.

Similarly, the issue of promiscuity is hampering the fight against AIDS. Right now the most effective way to limit AIDS in an epidemic-prone society would be to revert to the pre-sexual revolution mores of the 1950s so that people would stop capsulizing like luxury robots. Back in the 1950s people may have broken the rules, but promiscuity and restraint were the norm. There was no problem excluding students and

By keeping the identity of AIDS victims secret we are removing the freedom of our citizens to protect themselves

scholarship students to engage in exclusive sexual relationships, preferably within the confines of marriage, because there were the arms of society against

But to control such behavior today would be to run smack into the political blind allies of the post-revolutionary. Among them is our tolerance of promiscuity—and its significance as a political statement among some sectors of the homosexual community and the women's movement.

In the case of leprosy, society agreed to contain the disease by isolating the victims. During the operative phase it seems to be that we must not treat AIDS victims like lepers. Without clear-cut social agreement or the need to isolate the disease and contain it, our politicians and medical authorities are playing footy with us. Under normal circumstances it would be highly irresponsible for school authorities in New York City not to isolate or at least identify a known AIDS victim. One child in the school yard could result in transmitting the disease. Responsible citizens should be allowed to make up their own minds as to whether they want to

expose themselves or their children to carriers or victims of this disease.

In fact, short of AIDS itself, what is most hideous in this the politicians' and bureaucrats' disadvised treatment of citizens in matters of their own health. In Toronto a spokeswoman for the department of public health said that children with AIDS should not be barred from schools and suggested that a committee would decide on the identity of AIDS victims would be divulged to school officials. Officials? Not even parents! We are being treated as if we were weeds or children and did not have the right of informed personal consent.

A society may find it unnecessary to pass laws including AIDS victims, but it surely will not pass laws forbidding citizens to isolate themselves from sufferers if they so desire. Citizens have the right to take any precautions they judge necessary in the face of a lethal disease of epidemic proportions.

Meanwhile, the government's responsibility is clear. Funds for the treatment of AIDS victims must be a priority. No one should have to suffer an awful death from AIDS aggravated by conditions of poverty. But without picking its citizens, the government should make its first priority the arrest of the disease.

In fact, a knowledgeable society might have more ability about the issue than our bureaucrats think. Two incidents in England last week illustrate that. In one school in Hampshire a nine-year-old boy infected with AIDS from blood transfusions was identified and was being kept under constant supervision by welfare assistants. The parents at the school had a meeting, and the majority decided, as was their privilege, to do everything they could to support the child and prevent him from feeling isolated.

And in London a court ordered a 30-year-old AIDS victim to be detained in hospital. He had been kidnapping copiously for a number of years and was a walking health hazard. After listening to the medical evidence in court, the AIDS victim himself decided that it was clearly in both the public interest and his own to stay in hospital.

When we speak of the horror of ostracizing children or lonely adults, we should remember one thing. It is tragic to ostracize a seven-year-old child, but there is one thing more tragic. And that is to create a situation in which two and three and then a class of seven-year-olds become isolated and ostracized and eventually dead.



A FISHY CAN OF WORMS

On a summer evening in 1989, Albert Dewar attended an unpublicized event arising from the tuna canister that his wife was cooking. Dewar, the chief of the Halifax-based Inspection Laboratory of the federal department of fisheries and oceans, later complained to officials in his department about the problem. This contributed to a three-year battle with the processor of the tuna, Star-Kist Canada Inc. of St. Andrews, N.B. Then, last week the issue took on an explosive political dimension. The re-elected federal fisheries minister, John Fraser, at the urging of New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield, had allowed Star-Kist to market more than a million cans of tuna that government health officials had rejected as "unsafe for human consumption." Liberal leader John Turner subsequently denounced Fraser for "smoking under a proverbial premise," and New Democrats' Party leader Ed Broadbent declared that the fisheries minister was "gambling with the health of Canadians."

As the controversy over the tainted tuna raged, Mulroney moved quickly to distance himself as far as possible from his floundering fisheries minister.

Asked by reporters whether the tuna should have been prevented from going on sale, Mulroney—apparently underlining his minister's complaint—said, "That's pretty damned obvious." At one point, the Prime Minister and Fraser even contradicted each other publicly over how the tuna was handled. Mulroney claimed that "as soon as I heard about it, I dealt with it immediately." But a visibly shaken Fraser insisted a few hours later that the tuna concern was reported to Mulroney's office "at least some weeks ago," and he noted that it was he and Health Minister Jake Epp, not Mulroney, who decided finally to order the tuna off the market.

By week's end, it was clear that the scandal had not been caused by Fraser's announcement to the House on Thurs-

day that the disputed tuna lots would be immediately seized. With the opposition clamoring for Fraser's resignation and with the Prime Minister obviously disenchanted with his minister's performance, the race was expected to begin as more information surfaced. On Friday, the fisheries critic Raymond Stoll-

ARC evaluation showed that it arrived at the minister's office four days after Fraser had already allowed the tuna into the marketplace. But Stoll-ARC also learned that the NRC actually recommended the rejection of two of the lots. By the Sea Lot No. 025W41180 and Star-Kist Lot No. 94P030335—that Fraser



Removing tuna from grocery store shelves: 'definitive can be devastating' for consumers

produced a letter from the Research and Productivity Council (RPC) of New Brunswick to Fraser's department which seemed to dispute Fraser's claim

had already released to the super-market shelves.

As most details emerged, questions also arose over Fraser's political future.

Leaders were divided over whether he might resign on his own or be forced out by Mulroney. Still, despite the apparent breach of cabinet solidarity, the minister says yet stay in office. Still a source within Fraser's own department "Nobody ever seems to resign anymore. You can trace it back to the last years of the Trudeau government. If you can stand the heat for long enough, it eventually goes away."



Besides the possible health risks involved in the sale of the tuna, the issue raised concerns on more trivial about the role played by Hatfield in influencing Fraser. Confidential sources, Telus messages and other documents showed that Hatfield, who was

concerned over the possible loss of 400 jobs if the Star-Kist plant had to shut down, convinced Fraser to allow suspect tuna to be returned and released onto the market. Although a Fisheries department memo dated April 10 noted that "the minister and Premier Hatfield have met and discussed the issue," Fraser told a CBC interviewer, "I don't remember seeing Hatfield."

The fact that Fraser had overruled fishery inspectors was initially reported on the national Newsweek network by Ottawa, correspondent Fred Evans in mid-July. But other media did not follow up on the disclosure at the time. Then, last week Eric Mallory used the story to

ports of rampant illness resulting from consumption of the tuna, some Canadians who ate the tuna reported being sick. Richard McGill of Killaloe, Ont., for one, said that after eating some of the tuna he vomited for hours.

The issue added to the problems already faced by Canada's tuna-fish plant. Star-Kist Canada Inc. (page 50) it even posed a threat to salmon packing in Fraser's home province of British Columbia. Michael Hunter, president of the Fisheries Council of British Columbia, said he is concerned that consumers might grow suspicious of all canned fish.

"The fallout from this kind of thing can be devastating," said Hunter. "It's not

ed for flexibility and decomposition."

Other documents showed that Star-Kist executives, in correspondence with federal officials throughout 1984, contended that the inspectors were poorly trained, careless individuals who were trying to apply unrealistic regulations. The company's technical director, M.L.H. Williams, in a Nov. 26, 1984, letter to Bernard Langman, chief of the fisheries department's quality control division, noted that company officials believed that some inspectors "not only do not, but they may not like fish, period."

According to the documents, Star-Kist at times tried to portray its difficulties as being caused, at least partly, by Dewar's unpopularity with his tuna canister. Dewar outlined his concerns about the widespread use of some Star-Kist tuna in a Nov. 27, 1984, letter to Cropley. In that correspondence he said that questionable tuna produced by the company "poses as heated whatever is health." But he added that the fish "could cause illness or illness to certain individuals who consumed the food whose systems have a low tolerance to rancidity and/or different stages of decomposition."

The issue came to a head this spring, when Star-Kist's parent company began considering closing down its St. Andrews operations, partly because of the plant's problems with federal officials. Then Hatfield, who has faced several political difficulties in the past year—disaffection over his leadership has been growing among New Brunswick Conservatives since he was sought on charges of marijuana possession last January—prevented the federal fisheries department's treatment of Star-Kist as "unconscionable harassment." In a March 28 Telus message to Fraser, Hatfield said that H.J. House had decided to close the St. Andrews plant, but this decision could be reversed if federal officials would make "a change in inspection procedures" and accept a ruling on the tuna by a provincial agency.

According to the fisheries department interoffice memo dated April 10 "The minister and Premier Hatfield have met and discussed the issue raised in the Telus Action has been taken over the concerns raised by the premier and, therefore, a response to the Telus is not necessary." It was not clear whether Fraser at that point had agreed to Hatfield's demands. But on April 14, W.H. Dryden, administrator of the New Brunswick government's Job Protection Action Plan, said that he was, Ottawa's deputy fisheries minister. In it is noted, "If we can solve this problem quickly, the company will hire another 200 people to take care of new orders for the U.S. market." In the



Fraser and deputy no serious illness but rancidity could upset consumers

details on CBC television's *The 5th Avenue* program, Fraser at first tried to defend the distribution of the tuna on the grounds that it did not pose a health hazard. Later, an opposition party—and consumer concern over possible health risks—convinced Fraser to announce that Ottawa would order the recall of the 1,128,000 tons of suspect fish. But by then more than half the tuna—sent to retail outlets last spring—had probably been sold.

Star-Kist markets several tons under various brand names, including Big Sea and Captain's Pantry, and it supplies tuna sold by a dozen other firms in fact, the St. Andrews factory packs about 60 per cent of the canned tuna sold in Canada. Although there was no re-

far for our industry to be linked in any way."

Over the past three years Star-Kist Canada Inc., a subsidiary of the American food conglomerate H.J. Heinz Co. of Pittsburgh, had encountered growing problems with federal inspectors. The St. Andrews plant packs tuna imported from various parts of the world, but federal officials regularly objected to the small, taste and texture of some of the company's tuna. At issue, as much as 80 per cent of the plant's canned tuna was rejected by inspectors. In a letter dated Nov. 20, 1984, company president Albert Cropley complained to a federal fisheries department official that "since Nov. 15, 1984, four out of five samples inspected by your staff have been reject-

insurances, other documents also show that Fred McCain, the Conservative MP for the New Brunswick riding of Carleton-Charlottetown, where the Star-Kist plant is located, and Jeanne Goldart, president of the Atlantic Provinces Chapter of the Conservative Party, also expressed concern about the plant's future to Fraser.

The minister finally agreed to have the tuna that federal officials had rejected examined by an outside body. Samples of the tuna were tested by both the New Brunswick Research & Productivity Council in Fredericton and a panel of experts assembled by Fraser from other provinces. In both cases, Fraser now says, the tuna was proved to be safe for human consumption. Fraser even taste-tested these tuna samples himself in St. Andrews in November, and he told reporters, "I preferred two, I didn't prefer the other one."

On April 20 Fraser allowed the sale of more than a million tons of tuna that had been previously rejected by his department. The Canadian Forces bought \$100,000 worth of the tuna, but most of the tuna was sold to the public. The company also tried to send some of the suspect tuna to famine-stricken Ethiopia, but donations obtained by MacDonald's showed that Canadian officials prevented the shipment. David MacDonald, Canada's famine relief co-ordinator, told Star-Kist, "It is wrong to offer to others food that we have condemned as unfit for human consumption."

By the time Ottawa recalled the tuna last week, a good deal of it had already been sold. Robert Goodwin, Star-Kist's Toronto-based sales manager, estimated about half the fish had likely been purchased. "I believe in one or two we bought a whole case of the stuff and saw we were a refund," said Goodwin. "The fish already eaten three-quarters of the case and he has no complaints, but he said he didn't want to take a chance."

In the Commons the Sir's James Fulton declared that after his performance with the suspect tuna, Fraser himself should be "canned as unfit for Canadian consumption." For his part, Fraser pledged to revise and improve federal fish-testing procedures, and he defended his decision to allow the tuna to be sold by contending that the questionable tuna did not involve a "question of health." What there is in a question of whether or not the fish are safe is more fundamental question of ministerial judgment involved. And that is an issue Mulroney may weigh carefully as he considers the future of his suddenly accident-prone government.

—PAUL GERRARD, in Ottawa with JANE O'HARA in Vancouver and LINDA CARROLL in Toronto

The tinned-tuna tasters

T hree hundred packages of Star-Kist Canada Inc. imports to its plant in St. Andrews, N.B., came from as far away as Mexico and Malaysia. It is packed in cans which carry roughly 12 different brand names, including Star-Kist, The Sea, Captain's Pantry and Cloverland. But before the cans leave the plant—at the risk of \$20,000 each week—inspectors from the federal department of fisheries and

composites as mercury. Inspectors usually rejected the fish after the crucial "organoleptic" inspection—looking at, smell, feel, and taste the canned tuna.

Inspectors divide fish into two categories: "acceptable" or "unfit for human consumption." Fish is rejected either because it is diseased, which regulations define as "fish that has an offensive or objectionable odor, flavor, color,



St. Andrews Star-Kist plant; one man's 'spit' is another man's acceptable

or because it is spoiled," or because it is tainted—"fish that is rancid or has an abnormal odor or flavor." The process depends heavily on the judgment of individual inspectors. Gerald Broder, fish inspection specialist with the two in Ottawa, said that fish inspectors attend meetings, "The wine-tastings," to synchronize their palates that, said Broder, "I have seen fish rejected in one region, and resampled in another region—and refused."

Still said that scientific chemical tests could be used to determine freshness. But he added that the 200 scientific funds for his research into scientific fish inspection last fall. And despite recent two initiatives to begin grading all fish and to make the description of acceptable canned tuna more precise, organoleptic testing will remain central to all future inspections.

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—CHERYL WOOD in Halifax with KATHERINE HAMILTON in Fredericton



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source reported that Walter Light, a former chairman of the Canadian telecommunications giant Northern Telecom Ltd., would be named chairman of an umbrella committee to advise the government on trade issues with the United States and other trading partners. The International Trade Advisory Committee will consist of representatives of a cross section of Canadian industry as well as economists and privately owned officials, sources said. In addition, a permanent group of a dozen or more self-appointed representatives of specific sectors of the economy will be set up to provide the government with expertise in such specialized areas as tourism and agriculture.

But throughout the week protectionist passions gathered in the United States. And claims that non-American goods already have too much access to the U.S. market gained strength after the United States reported a near-record \$31.6-billion (U.S.) trade deficit—the amount that the value of imports exceeded that of exports—for the three-month period ending June 30, up 4.8 per cent from the first quarter. That shortfall, expected to grow to \$32.6 billion (U.S.) by the end of 1993, added to the pressure on Congress from labor unions and the lumber and textile industries to protect domestic industries. In one campaign the International Brotherhood of Teamsters has placed full-page newspaper advertisements urging Americans to write to their elected representatives and demand action to save jobs. The ads declared: "What will Labor Day be like without labor? We may soon find out, because Industrial America is dying."

In the highly charged atmosphere, potential analysts said that it is difficult to predict the congressional reaction to a Canadian attempt to increase the \$130-billion annual trade between the two countries. Some observers said that Maloney's chances for a trade pact may be diminishing daily. But a former U.S. trade official, "Ottawa should have acted nine months ago. Congress was not quite as bad as it's made it out to be."

But other observers say that the rising American concern over the nation's lagging international trade could work in Canada's favor. They add that a Canadian decision to ask for free-trade negotiations could strengthen Reagan's hand in beating back the protectionists. The prospect of a "bright line" showing under Brian Mulroney, saying he wants free trade, "said another U.S. official, would be the single administration 'must-have' can grab onto," in order to focus attention on a positive alternative to protectionism.

—JENN MACKENZIE in Ottawa with MARCE MCGRATH in Washington

A tale of two banks

Although heated exchanges over the failed bank affair dominated discussion in the Commons last week, opposition was also stepped up their attack on Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's government over the collapse of the Edmonton-based Canadian Commercial Bank (CCB)—and the eventual fate of the troubled North-



Turner invites committee hearings

west Bank of Calgary. And in Calgary, Nepease's president, William Nepease, joined the fray with an extraordinary news conference. Nepease charged that the government, which put his shaky institution under conservatorship on Sept. 1, intended to give it a chance to reorganize itself, and in fact decided to let it fail. Federally appointed auditors who were examining the bank's books, he claimed, were simply valuing its assets at a rock-bottom value.

In the Commons, Liberal Leader John Turner charged that in February, just before the Mulroney government attempted to save the CCB by organizing an injection of \$300 million in emergency

funding, the bank transferred \$300 million worth of loan assets to its failing California subsidiary, the Westland Bank of Santa Ana. Then, Turner alleged that Mulroney himself had a direct role in the affair—a charge the Prime Minister dismissed as mere "fantasy." Turner said some of his information came from "anonymous" sources.

The opposition leader said that Mulroney was hosting a high-profile national economic conference on the weekend of March 20-21 and was alarmed at the prospect of being embarrassed by the first Canadian bank failure in 60 years. As a result, said Turner, the Prime Minister overruled Finance Minister Michael Wilson and Minister of State for Finance Barbara McDougall and ordered a CCB rescue attempt. Despite the \$300-million infusion, the CCB did not have the strength to survive, and the federal government ordered its liquidation on Sept. 1.

For her part, McDougall immediately denied Nepease's charges. Indeed, she insisted that the government had made no decision on Westland's fate and that the bank was still free to find a way of solving its liquidity problems. But she avoided reacting directly to Turner's allegations. She told the Commons that requests by the government to obtain a document dated by Turner—a February report by the U.S. Federal Reserve Board in San Francisco—had been refused by U.S. authorities.

David Scott, California's deputy superintendent of banks, told Mulroney's that his department has no record of any large transfer of assets between the CCB and its U.S. subsidiary in 1993. But Scott said that roughly \$15 million (U.S.) in CCB assets was transferred to the Westland Bank in 1994. In the meantime, a California bankruptcy court declared George Howard Eaton, one of the founders of the CCB, and his wife discharged debtors and relieved them of more than \$28 million in obligations.

At the end of the week, government and opposition House leaders had failed to reach agreement on the terms of reference for a House committee that will study the circumstances surrounding the CCB failure over the next two months. While the government clearly hoped to relegate the tangled banking issues to a future committee hearing, the opposition parties pressed for full access to documents, all information and televised hearings. For her part, McDougall said gently that she was "travelling back forward" to the fact-finding committee deliberations.

—MICHAEL BODIN in Ottawa

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Groomman with wife, Denis, and children: no time for Tories fighting Tories

A race to heal a party

When former premier Frank Miller announced in August that he could no longer lead Ontario's divided Conservative party, he signalled the start of a leadership contest that would peacefully show us getting off the ground. Alan Pope, a former provincial health minister, announced his candidacy late last month, and former municipal affairs minister Denis Timbrell followed suit two weeks ago. Then, last week Larry Grossman, the shrewd and combative former provincial treasurer who is widely expected to emerge as the party's new leader, announced that he was a candidate. With that, the race immediately heated up. Grossman's announcement coincided with allegations that his supporters were engaging in unfair tactics — including that in the wake of their devastating defeat by Premier David Peterson's Liberals last May, Ontario's Tories are a long way from healing their deep divisions.

Grossman, who claimed to have the support of 28 of the Conservatives' 57 legislative members, declared his candidacy at a huge news conference in the Metro Toronto Convention Centre, where the party will meet to elect its new leader on Nov. 10 and 11. A few hours earlier Timbrell held his own news conference to declare his support for a free-trade pact between Canada and the United States. At the same time, he accused Grossman's support-

ers of employing "dirty tactics in twisting arms and promising future cabinet posts" in return for the support of Conservative caucus members. For their part, campaign workers in Pope's camp said that Grossman's supporters were offering young Tories jobs with Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's federal Conservative party in return for their support. Grossman denied the charges, insisting "none of that is accurate to my knowledge. If I had to do that sort of thing, I wouldn't have run."

The exchange indicated that a party division which first surfaced under Miller is continuing among the defeated Tories, who are in the midst of their second leadership race within a year. When former premier William Davis announced last fall that he was stepping down, Miller was widely viewed as a natural successor to Davis. But the "Big Blue Machine," the political organization that had supported Davis through his 14 years as premier, threw its support largely behind Grossman. In the end, Miller defeated Grossman for the leadership by just 77 votes, 605

to 528. As premier, Miller shunned the Big Blue Machine and led the party through a disastrous campaign for the May 22 election that brought Peterson's minority Liberal government into office, ending 42 years of Tory rule in Ontario.

During Miller's brief period as opposition leader, the split between the city-based progressive wing of the Conservative party and its rural rank and file widened in an obvious reference to the Big Blue Machine strategists—including Toronto advertising executive Morison Aikman, who is backing Grossman—Timbrell declared at his press conference two weeks ago that "a handful of strategists did not win the elections of the past 30 years. The rank and file of our party did that, not a handful." Timbrell finished third in last winter's leadership race. Pope was not a candidate then.

The early note of acrimony may be an indicator that the current campaign will be fiercer than the last one. In the earlier contest the contenders agreed not to discuss candidates' wives. But, said Timbrell's campaign manager, Ruth Archibald, "we have learned our lesson. This time there will be a debating of issues." One of the toughest arguments is likely to be over the controversial decision made by Davis—and upheld by Peterson's government—for public funding to be extended to Grades 11, 12 and 13 of Roman Catholic high schools in the province. Some Tories blamed the decision for contributing to the party's heavy electoral losses last spring.

Timbrell began his campaign by emphasizing the party's need to stay in touch with its grassroots and to re-establish contact with young people. "I won't do the party any favors by ignoring the divisions," declared Timbrell. "We are out of touch." For his part, Grossman launched his news conference

as an aggressive note by stressing his determination to swiftly defeat Peterson's Liberals. But Timbrell's allegations of unethical tactics put him on the defensive. It was not the time, declared Grossman, for the Tories to be fighting Tories, but a time for Tories to be fighting Liberals. Still, the opening shots in the long campaign ahead may mean that the eventual winner will once again have a divided party on his hands.

Timbrell: young people



—CINDY BARRIST with
SHEILA ARTHURSON in
Toronto

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Boeing



WORLD

A LONG WEEK OF DEATH

Darkness had just fallen over the devastated heart of Mexico City. Slowly, its 15 million people were beginning to recover from the worst tragedy in the capital's history. Then, they were gripped with a terrifying sense of déjà vu. Walls trembled, chandeliers swayed wildly overhead and floors gave way beneath feet. Women ran screaming and sobbing hysterically into the streets. Commanders poured in people out of subway stations as the din of seven lines still operating. Police and ambulances were staggered the eerie calm as a new round of power failures plunged the city into darkness. Almost 36 hours to the minute after a devastating earthquake weakened havoc in the ancient heart of the world's largest city—leaving an estimated 4,000

dead, 30,000 wounded and thousands more still missing under the charred mounds of rubble—a second aftershock registering only seven centimeters below on the Richter scale jolted the metropolis.

As rescue workers scrambled over the smoking ruins of 380 buildings already collapsed by the first quake—apartment houses, offices, hotels, hospitals, churches and schools—another 15-story structure toppled in heaps of twisted metal and concrete shards, leaving the city's business and residential core resembling a war zone. For some who had survived the first, three-minute tremor, the second was too much—snapping seven already scratched lives. Eviscerated from her apartment by gas the day before, Las Marías Moros, a wizened grandmother of 70, had set up

her own stubborn vigil in the street outside to guard her property from looters when the pavement cracked under her again Friday night. It accomplished what an official evacuation order could not. She ran shaking and sobbing to an impromptu emergency shelter—a tent of old sheets and bedspreads in the shadow of the city's Revolutionary Monument. "No more, no more," she repeated, her body wracked with tremors.

The Thursday quake, nicknamed "El Grande" or "The Big One" by Mexicans, was the worst to hit Mexico this century. The initial shock, with its epicentre 90 km to the southwest on the Pacific Coast, measured 7.8 on the open-ended Richter scale and reverberated across 330,000 square miles of south-central Mexico. Tremors were felt as far north as Texas and New Mexico. Property

damage was extensive in the Mexican coastal states of Jalisco, Colima, Michoacán and Guerrero, stretching between Guadalajara in the north and the resort town of Acapulco in the south. In Playa Acapulco, another beach resort, 90 people died when two hotels collapsed. And roughly 21 freighters and fishing trawlers were missing and feared lost in turbulent seas off the Pacific shore.

But the worst destruction by far was in Mexico City, a sprawling urban metropolis 1,600 feet above sea level, ringed by mountains and volcanoes. The city lies on top of a prehistoric lake bed of soft clay, which shakes like jelly when struck by seismic tremors. And the capital is especially prone to earthquakes because of its proximity to the Cocon Plateau, a section of the Pacific Ocean floor that pushes against the Central American land mass, causing frequent south tremors and volcanic eruptions. But despite a long history of seismic activity—including a 1975 earthquake that killed more than 200—no one in the capital was prepared for the almost unimaginable scale of last week's disaster.

In one of the worst tragedies, 100 mothers and 80 newborn babies were

rescued from a devastated city—a toppled office building (left); a horrified couple; rescuers trying to free a trapped man; two major earthquakes in 26 hours



buried when the six-story maternity wing of the city's General Hospital collapsed. "It was like a slow-motion film," said a dazed newspaper vendor who witnessed the horror. "It began to fall down, little by little, with a terrific noise and cloud of smoke."

The quake struck just four days after the nation's bloody Independence Day celebrations. It was a sunny Thursday morning and the sky was a crystal blue—but a rain event for the smog-plagued capital. On Juárez Avenue, the huge landmark Plaza clock stopped at precisely the instant of the shock—7:29 a.m.—with most of the population still

President Miguel de la Madrid aped to the frelevision television station, still wearing the same leisure suit that he had on while he toured the disaster sites, and made an emergency appeal to the population to stay calm. As the city's flag flew at half-mast, de la Madrid called for three days of national mourning and warned of more potential aftershocks. Although reluctant to accept the massive tolling of aid from around the world—including a \$1-million cheque offered by Canadian aid officials in Mexico City Friday, along with an aircraft carrying emergency supplies—he affirmed that the earthquake

Redona, the margins on the damaged Ciel de Paris room have summed up the country's current fate. "Out of control," said the president of the Altiplan and Cross, María Christina de Arce. "We were already going through a very bad crisis. People are starving to death. And then this happens." Vowed de la Madrid: "We will fight back with rigor."

The earthquakes crumpled new buildings and old with equal fury. Some of the visibly solid structures, constructed according to advanced, quake-resistant techniques, sustained heavy damage, while older, flimsier buildings withstood the shock. Many observers said the



Awake and the bodies of quake victims; Mexico City as free rage from ruptured gas lines deluged hospitals

awake or at breakfast or on their way to work or school. Nearly, the 600-room Berta hotel collapsed into a savior of twisting, splintering concrete debris which promptly burst into flames, triggered by leaking gas mains. For the next 48 hours flames trailed homes and buildings on the charred ruins, but managed to reach only 30 bodies from beneath the hotel's ancient, mock-Spanish colonnade. The only man pulled out alive, bloodied and hysterical, died soon after in hospital.

Out of the hotel's wreckage glistened the bitterly untouched ritual of Independence Day celebrations, twinkling beads a heap of yellow-haired dolls from a defunct toy shop. At least seven other hotels were demolished or severely damaged, and at least five Americans were killed.

Within three hours of the second earthquake, which lasted two minutes and registered 7.3 on the Richter scale,

was a "national tragedy." He added, "The truth is that we do not have enough resources to confront the disaster quickly or adequately." Then a huge aid flow began from the United States and other countries around the world.

Indeed, it was another staggering blow for a nation still reeling from recession, economic crisis over the past three years. Mexico has a foreign debt of \$96 billion (U.S.), the peso at an all-time low. Oil prices—the country's main source of revenue—remain depressed, and tourism, its third-leading industry, has been hurt by a rising crime wave. The massive reconstruction effort now required will mean a huge additional burden.

Compounding the tragedy, on the same day that the first quake struck, the International Monetary Fund reimposed Mexico's international credit. To ease the country because all their money, gifts and payments were still trapped in the

structure that crumbled may have been weakened by hundreds of minor tremors, last week's shockers were simply finished the job nature had begun years ago.

One of the worst-damaged areas was Colonia Roma, a residential district northwest of the city's center, where the Benito Juárez housing estate—one of Mexico's most handsome public housing projects—lay in ruins.

To the north, tourist George Kemp of Pittsburgh had been taking a shower in the Hotel Alameda when the quake hit. He was swiftly hurled across the street into Alameda Park, where he stood hamfisted for three hours waiting only the towel in which he had escaped. When authorities refused to let him return for his belongings, two Mexicans loaned him a suit, pants and shoes. But he and his wife could not leave the country because all their money, gifts and payments were still trapped in the

ruined hotel's safe in the heart of downtown. The Juárez hospital caved in, trapping and smothered 600 patients and medical personnel. One victim survived for 36 hours, curled in a fetal position for water while they dug for him, but died just as he was pulled out onto a stretcher. Agitated relatives crowded outside army ropes sealing off the wreckage as the search of putting bodies rose in the heat. The crowd sang with uncertainty over the fate of loved ones. "Honor de agosto" ("Hours of anguish"), summed up the six-inch headlines in the daily *Excelsior* newspaper.

Mexican marines probed the ruins of the government transportation headquarters and the sand movement, part of which collapsed on a black pickup truck, leaving a sea of dust studded with twisted metal strips. The 300-year-old National Library, which houses the country's constitution, caved in, and police were forced to evacuate the damaged National Medical Centre. Tents were commandeered as ambulances and yellow city buses were transformed into ferries for emergency supplies. People ran dazed through downtown streets, where fallen concrete and broken glass littered sidewalks still blowing with filth and trash, shaking their relatives' names. Hospitals were deluged with the wounded, whose stretchers spilled out into corridors. But even in the homes there were usual screams. In the crumpled fifth-floor corridor of the hospital at Tlalcoyote, Angela Cortés Contreras, who had been rescued from the sidewalk in front of her home where she had passed the night, suddenly gave birth to a baby girl in perfect health, squalling faintly among the debris.

Not all the victims died suddenly. In the crowded "Matlino" district, whose street lined high-rise tower over Aster ruins buried beneath their foundations, María Elena Huandir Alstruete had just left her apartment with her husband, on her way to her job as a government secretary. She was almost at the bus stop when the earth trembled under her. She looked back to see the giant Nuevo León complex, where her three teenage sons were leaving breakfast on the 30th floor, crumble in a roar of dust. For the next 48 hours she knelt in the door of a family van, without sleep, staring at the desolation and rocking and-eyed and desolate as shifts of rescue workers clambered gingerly over the concrete slabs mingled with patches of orange breadfruit and rags of flowered curtains. When the final third of the apartment complex toppled in the second quake, observers held out little hope of finding survivors.

In the hard-hit suburb of Nuevitas, Samuel Rivera had just gone down the street to a telephone office when the quake buried his wife and two sons. Twenty-four hours later, rescue teams



heard a boy's voice from beneath the concrete manacles where his apartment had stood. He identified himself as Angel Gómez and he said that he was trapped with two other children. An earthquake swarmed to leave aside mortar slabs, the floors already leaning at 45-degree angles buckled again, silencing Angel Gómez. In one glass office building belonging to a youth club, Red Cross officers could talk by telephone to the 150 people trapped inside but they could not enter the collapsed lower floors of the fragile structure to free them. Facing warnings that more buildings around them were about to give way, army officers were planning to seal the frame with mountain-climbing equipment.

After the second quake struck on Friday evening, thousands abandoned their homes for the night, rather than risk a third severe. Makeshift camps were set up in the manicured gardens of central Alameda Park. Silvia Garza, Garza and her son Shirley Kaufman, from Delano, Pa., had just arrived in Mexico City for their vacation when the first earthquake pummeled their hotel, the Alameda, forcing them into the downtown streets with only their clothes. But it was the second earthquake that frightened them most. "What made it worse was the people screaming around us," said Kaufman. "Now I understand what real panic is."

The tragedy was compounded by the almost complete failure of the communications network. With telephone and Telenor lines down, information about the disaster came initially from ham-radio operators and radio and television stations that could be contacted from the United States. By week's end, most domestic telephone circuits were working, but international links remained severed as reporters struggled to rebuild the central microwave tower, which collapsed and caught fire in the quake. Mexican soldiers to reassure relatives abroad of their welfare were forced to leave the country to get their messages out.

The shortage of information left many North Americans anxiously awaiting reports on the fate of their families. At least 4,500 Canadians sought as Ottawa's hotline seeking news about relatives in Mexico. And the Canadian Embassy in Mexico set up an emergency 24-hour service, asking Canadians to contact the embassy. By week's end, about 580 Canadians had confirmed their own or friends' safety.

For many of the 50,000 volunteers who poured into the city offering their services—some pilfering from the countryside with pickaxes and shovels—the rescue efforts were disheartening. With more buildings and already-damaged houses of rubble threatening to cave in further, many were forced to



stand helplessly by as spectators to the tragedy. "It's frustrating," said Maria Christina de Arriaga. "It's terrible to see your own city coming apart and see that the government doesn't have enough equipment to handle it." Even de la Madrid was forced to admit, "We have reacted to the maximum of our ability. But in the face of an earthquake of such magnitude, we don't have the elements to deal with this as quickly as we would like." Finally, the Mexican asked the United States—a country with which it has strained relations—for technical, but not financial, aid.

Still, much of Mexico City was left physically untouched. Roads from the airport were jammed with traffic and pedestrians in its only new, the largest, and most populous downtown neighborhoods that the quake suddenly

Do in Madrid: 'Fight back with vigor'



took on the colors of a bombed-out battlefield. The gilt angel of the independence monument—which had toppled in Mexico City's 1957 earthquake—stood firmly winged atop her column, but along the Paseo de la Reforma the blocks were so battered with homes here an office tower shrouded to a quarter of its size, its top floors melted into so much concrete lying there a hotel front buckling at a 45-degree angle with drapes, plaster and steel reinforcement struts teetering from the arches. Electricity, water and gas lines ruptured, cutting off services to one-third of the city.

As authorities cordoned off the center of the city, young soldiers in camouflage fatigues, brandishing bat automatic rifles, waved off curiosity seekers. Police shooed hunchy warungs as journalists not to smoke as they entered areas where severed gas mains leaked the air with the acrid smell of leaks. Officials also warned people to stop drinking water for at least 10 minutes because of the danger of seepage from broken sewage mains.

Despite warnings about looting, one of the most startling aspects of the quake was the solidarity of Mexicans. Thousands more volunteered for rescue efforts than could be utilized, from students to retired executives. Blankets, clothes and food disappeared in for the homeless who huddled in public schools. In the street, tourists who had become accustomed to complaining of hassles found themselves treated by small acts of kindness from Mexicans. Doña de la Madrid. "This proves the values of Mexico." Those values will be tested more than ever as the weeks and months ahead as the shaken capital braces for a troubled and uncertain future. But for now they have been tested and found true.

—MARC McDONALD in Mexico City

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Deng makes room for the new breed

For China's top leader, Deng Xiaoping, it was a moment of quiet triumph. Dressed in his trademark high-buttoned tunic, he calmly surveyed the ranks of elderly Communist Party leaders from his seat on the podium of Peking's Great Hall of the People. One by one, nine of the 34 members of the party's ruling Politburo raised their frail hands during last week's meeting of the party's Central Committee to approve their own retirement. A 10th was too ill even to attend. The event was the climax to more than a year of backroom maneuvering by Deng and his liberal reformists, who are committed to modernizing their backward nation's economy along free-market principles and to removing the party's oldest leaders. In their place, Deng installed conspicuously youthful technocrats who are committed to launching China on a rapid 15-year development course. But in contrast to the bitterness of previous upheavals in the Communist Party, Deng handled last week's move with tact and smoothness. Commented one Western diplomat in Peking: "Deng seems to have got pretty well all he wanted. But he does not want to be seen as vindictive."

The list of departing party chieftains—and their replacements—nicely signalled a bold new direction in the Chinese leadership. One of those forced into retirement: Marshal Ye Jiaxing, 69, a brilliant wartime strategist. It was instrumental in the overthrow of the ultra-rightist "Gang of Four" who controlled China after the death of Mao Tse-tung in 1976. But since then Ye had resisted to Deng's economic reforms, which opponents consider as thinly veiled capitalism.

Among those propelled into control of the party was Hu Qili, 56, an urban former leader of the influential Communist Youth League and a respected intellectual. He is expected to join the Politburo, the body responsible for establishing government policy. He is also expected to succeed the party's general secretary, Hu Yaobang, 69, although his departure date has not been announced. The comparatively youthful Hu Qili, who speaks English and favors Western-style business suits, is also widely viewed as a potential successor to the quickly powerful Deng himself. In all, the months of quiet politicking by Deng's reformist faction have led to the ousting of more than one million party members nationwide in favor of the younger technocrats. Last July Deng



Food market in the Shenzhen Special Economic Zone, sweeping changes

told foreign visitors that the party's "rejuvenation" was even more important to the nation's future than his sweeping economic reforms. Added Deng: "Only a large body of talented and vigorous people with profound and extensive can make our economy develop."

Many experts now say that Deng's consolidation of power clears the way for an acceleration in the current program of social and economic reforms. The program made so far has been stunning. When Deng came to power by overthrowing Mao's successor, Hua Guofeng, in 1976, the nation's 800 million farmers earned an average income of just \$60 a year. Deng swiftly began dismantling Mao's centrally planned system of communes and encouraged farmers to produce food from individual plots. Their incomes, Deng declared, would be determined by their pro-

ductivity. Since then, agricultural output has soared. Last year alone, food production rose 34 per cent. And this year, Peking statisticians claim, the average per capita farm income has risen to \$180. Recently, Deng's free-market planners began to loosen restrictions on urban industry, enabling factory managers to determine what to make, the size of production runs and when to

begin. At the same time, street markets, where individuals selling goods and services on their own time have reportedly made small fortunes by Chinese standards, are flourishing in China's crime-stricken cities. In Canton alone, they claim to make five times more per month than they would on a salaried job. And overall the national economy has surged. Peking expects the national income, the Chinese equivalent measure of

Deng younger leaders



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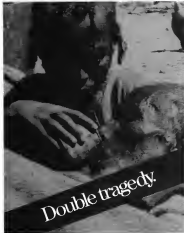
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But the dynamic growth has also created serious problems for the nation of more than one billion people. Rapid industrial growth has strained available resources. The nation's overburdened transportation system is still inadequate, creating bottlenecks in production. And an excess of cash liquidity led the government earlier this year to freeze interest rates on bank deposits.

One complaint was that many Chinese went on a massive shopping spree. The most popular items: television sets, washing machines and refrigerators.

At the same time, many Chinese complained that the government had not done enough to curb inflation, that poverty and economic stagnation still afflicted isolated inland provinces. As a result, some observers say that economic discipline could be found in political strictness.

Supplying anti-Dengist Conservatives with a target for attacking his reforms, Corruption in the form of bribery and black marketing has also emerged in the so-called Special Economic Zone of Shenzhen, near Hong Kong, which was designed to act as a pressure point for capitalist forces to transform China.

So far, however, Deng has refrained from persecuting even his most vocal opponents. Analysts say that he has let the older people in government retire with dignity and left other opponents, such as 70-year-old Politburo ideologist Hu Yaobang, in power. Those who have fallen out of favor with Mao and suffered several years of internal exile, appear determined to end the arbitrary use of power in China. Indeed, some observers say that he will likely seek a group leadership to replace himself. Other analysts, however, are skeptical. "It is the emperor syndrome," one diplomat explained. "China seems to need one strong man who dominates and guides. It used to be Mao, now it is Deng."

But, say analysts, any suggestion that Deng's death means increasingly seriously a reversion to last week's actions. As well, Deng's reforms are popular with the Chinese, especially the 60 per cent of the population who are under 30. He is frequently referred to with the affectionate nickname "Uncle Deng." And millions of Chinese remember the alphanumerical years of anarchy under Mao's ill-fated Cultural Revolution during the late 1960s. For the time being at least, the Chinese seem content to return to the aging Maoist leaders and concentrate on the more pleasant task of economic reform.

—LARRY MONTGOMERY,
with a foreword by David Shields



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Casualties in a scandal

The crisis had finally given too explosive to be ignored by French Prime Minister François Mitterrand. "The situation cannot continue," he wrote to Prime Minister Laurent Fabius last week, following a series of harsh-shell allegations in the French media detailing his government's involvement in the sinking of the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* in New Zealand. The influential leftist newspaper *Le Monde* had charged that Mitterrand's defense minister, Charles Hernu, and the head of French external security, Admiral Pierre Lacoste, bore direct responsibility for the July 16 incident. Acting on Mitterrand's demand for a cleanup of the security establishment, Fabius forced the resignation of both Hernu and Lacoste.

Their departures marked a major turning point in the Greenpeace scandal. It first erupted when two bomb explosions sank the international environmental organization's ship in Auckland harbor, killing one man. Until last week officials of the Mitterrand government had turned aside allegations of French governmental involvement in the affair. Indeed, last month a French government inquiry led by special investigator Bernard Tricot tentatively cleared France's Direction Générale de Sécurité Extérieure (DGSE), which is responsible for French security abroad, of any involvement in the bombing. But reports last week in several French dailies alleged that senior members of the military had in fact ordered the destruction of the *Rainbow Warrior*—and that Hernu had sanctioned the operation. *Le Monde*, for one, charged that so few as three teams affiliated with DGSE were working to prevent the ship from leaving a seagoing protest against France's planned nuclear test in French Polynesia.

The newspaper reports provided the fullest picture so far of the *Rainbow Warrior* bombing. Based on information supplied by British intelligence, as well as from the Tricot inquiry, they charged that the affair began in March with a memo written by Admiral Henri Fages, director of French naval operations in French Polynesia's Maroua. Adol Fages told Hernu that Greenpeace would probably step up its pro-

tests by using the *Rainbow Warrior* as a mother ship to erect hostile disruptive landings of the steel by crews in small boats. Hernu told Tricot that he and Lacoste had then ordered agents to increase their surveillance of Greenpeace, but both men denied ordering a bomb attack on the vessel. However, *Le Monde* quoted sources inside the security system that Hernu had tentatively withheld



Hernu, unwavering loyalty to the armed forces put an indelible political handling

information on the operation from Tricot.

New Zealand and Australian authorities apparently first learned of possible French involvement after receiving a report from British intelligence. The information led Australian police to search the *Duval*, a yacht chartered in the French Pacific island of New Caledonia. The boat had been in Auckland harbor the night of the blast, then sailed for Australia's Norfolk Island. On board, police found a map of Auckland harbor with the address of a French woman who New Zealand authorities allege was a DGSE infiltrator who had befriended Greenpeace activists in Auckland. But lacking evidence to detain the French crew, the Australians released them. The

Ouvéa crew, suspected DGSE employees, allegedly delivered explosives to two other agents now in custody in New Zealand—Alain Mafart and Dominique Priou.

The pair now face charges of sabotage and murder. However, *Le Monde* reported last week that they had served only as an information-gathering team, which ensured that the explosives were transferred to two French frogmen, who planted the mines on the *Rainbow Warrior*'s hull.

For Mitterrand the resignation of Hernu, 62, a close personal friend and political ally for three decades, was par-

ticularly troubling. Hernu has helped to shape Mitterrand's thinking, and he is credited with convincing the president of the value of France's independent nuclear forces. The son of a First World War cavalry officer, he was named to respect France's armed forces. Ades say that in private he would ridicule peace activists, reserving special scorn for Greenpeace because of its efforts to stop French nuclear war. But observers now say that in the face of mounting public concern over "Nuclear Greenpeace," his unwavering loyalty to the armed forces had become an intolerable political handicap. Whether Hernu's successor, Paul Quilès, will be able to fulfill Mitterrand's order to pump the nuclear issue remains to be seen. But political analysts say that Mitterrand will face a far tougher job in restoring the serious political damage the scandal has caused to his government's credibility.

—JARED MITCHELL, with correspondence reports

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Markus and Herbert Wilmet: a boy in the chancellor's office

WEST GERMANY

The spies who went home

In a letter postmarked in West Berlin and delivered to the office of West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, Maria-Astrid Willner said she had decided to give up her job as a secretary at the chancellery to join her husband in East Germany. In a letter to the defense minister, Hans Dietrich Genscher, she said that Helmut Willner had supervised the Friedrich Naumann Foundation, a Bonn think tank where he worked as a security and foreign affairs adviser, that he too was resigning because he feared arrest "as an advisor to the government of the Federal Republic of Germany." The handwritten letters confirmed what West German intelligence authorities had feared—two more top-level spies had fled to the Communist East, this time with information concerning the most powerful office in the land.

The fate of the Willmers, who failed to show up for work after a holiday in Spain, brought to seven the number of apparent East German agents whom Bear's ongoing espionage work has recovered. Since August a senior counter-intelligence officer, an army messenger and two government secretaries have vanished. West German authorities have arrested only one suspect, Margarete Hilke, a secretary in the office of President Richard von Weizsäcker. The exclusion of the scandal last week resealed opposition only for the resignation of Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann and part Kohl's

conservative coalition back on the
defensive.

Last week, Britain was still reeling from Europe's other big crises, the defection to the West of the Soviet leader, Chruschev, and the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. When the British announced Gorbachev's defection on Sept. 12, they also expected 25 additional Soviet warships from Britain. The Soviet crisis responded by expelling the same number of Britons from Moscow. Last week, calling the Soviet move uncalculated, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher sent home six more Soviets, punishing that Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, who is scheduled to meet with U.S. President Ronald Reagan in Geneva on Nov. 19 and

20, would not respond. But Moscow took the British by surprise and promptly ousted its British ambassador. During an official visit to Egypt, Thatcher then called a halt to the festivities and ruled out further reprisals. In London, the Foreign Office indignantly denied that Moscow had encouraged Britain. But London's daily *Standard*, which normally supports the government, sharply criticized the Tory performance. "Right down the line Mrs. Thatcher's

advisers have fumbled the ball," said the Standard. "The defection of Greg Gordinently was a major coup. The handling of subsequent events has been a disaster."

Munich, West German counterintelligence agents who searched the Willners' two-story house in Bonn discovered a high-powered radio receiver, tracking on the couple's movements, agents traced them to the tiny mountain principality of Andorra, where they had travelled on a day trip from Bonn and then vanished. According to the dossier, officials admitted that Hertha-Annal Willner had top-security clearance in the chancellery that gave her access to nuclear energy and high-technology projects as well as secret cabinet minutes. She had kept her clearance despite the fact that her husband had been under sporadic suspicion as a spy for 15 years.

Herbert Willner, 50, served during the Second World War with the Waffen SS and was captured by Soviet troops. He lived in East Germany until 1961. He was released to the West, eventually moved to the Free Democratic Party, which is linked to the Naziwarto scandal. His wife, 44, is believed to be the first Communist agent to have penetrated the Chancellor's Office since Genscher's appointment, an aide to former West German leader Willy Brandt. Genscher's resignation, however, and Brandt's resignation. Recently, intelligence officials conceded, both Willners had been under suspicion. But according to one report, Kahl and Zimmermann turned down a request from security officials for records the couple may have written for the past 10 years that there was insufficient evidence of spying.

Intelligence authorities said the Wilners had probably received a tip that they were in danger from Hans Joachim Tiedge, the West German counterintelligence official who defected to the East last month. Tiedge's defection sparked an intensive hunt for East German agents within the

Bonn government and last week the interior ministry said it feared the spy scandal was not over. Said a ministry spokesman "We cannot rule out that there will be further cases and further defections by agents." Greeting West German security chiefs could only hope that the remaining spies were in less important levels of government than the chancellor's office.

¹⁰DAVID NORTH is in London with correspondence reports.

Arendt's *corner's* *Inquest* at Cork: a gruesome story of destruction

UNDA

Inquest without answers

For four days last week in a panelled courtroom in Cork, Ireland, a coroner's inquest heard testimony from aviation and pathology experts about the probable cause of the world's worst airline disaster at sea. But after nearly three months of investigation into the deaths of 289 passengers and crew aboard an Air-India Boeing 747 that crashed into the North Atlantic on June 23, officials were still unable to advise the nine-man, one-woman coroner's jury whether a terrorist bomb

"There is a good chance there was an explosive decomposition," testified Sam Hill, an expert in air crashes. But, he added, "nothing has emerged from the evidence which throws any light on the possible cause of the accident."

Behind a gruesome history of destruction—the victims identified only by numbers affixed to their wrists and ankles—the experts agreed that a volcanic and catastrophic event had caused the jumbo jet, on route from Toronto and Montreal to Bombay, to plunge from the sky. They also agreed that most of the 132 corpses so far recovered from the scene 129 miles southwest of Beirut had died instantaneously of violent asphyxiation—either from collisions with parts of the aircraft's interior or from lethal "ball" injuries sustained after being sucked out of the plane's fuselage and falling to the sea from 36,000 feet.

The detailed pathological examination

The key to the Air-India tragedy may have been contained within the wreckage of the plane, 6,700 feet below the surface of the Atlantic. More than 300 pieces of wreckage have been identified and photographed by cameras

The main objective, says Scott, is, with winter weather approaching, an aggressive effort to submerge vital sections of the plane is expected to begin next week. The parts would then be turned over to Indian authorities, who are preparing to open a full-scale inquiry in New Delhi next month. Any final answers may have to wait that study. In the meantime, Air India officials have asked police or investigating governments not to tell publicly about their findings. And one investigator, Harry Beyko of the Canadian Aviation Safety Board, urged patience in solving the puzzle. Said Beyko: "It's been 50 days. I've been on investigations on land that lasted two years."

—PHILIP WINSLOW on *Civil*

NEW RELEASE

A close call for Palme

Red flags waved and supporters of the socialist anthem *The Internationale* in Swedish. Prime Minister Palme pronounced the election of his Social Democratic Party "We have beaten the selfish neoliberal alternatives," declared Palme last week flourishing a red rose, the party symbol, after a closely fought campaign. "What is this a fantasy?" In fact, Palme barely hung in to power. The Social Democrats lost seven of their 306 seats in the 350-member parliament, and clear shares of the popular vote dropped to 44.9 per cent from 45.6 per cent of the vote. In contrast, the position of three non-socialist parties improved: eight seats and 69.2 per cent of the vote. Now, Palme will have to rely on the support of the small Conservative party, which has 19 seats, to stay in office.

According to political commentators, the 58-year-old Swedish leader won a fourth term mainly because he had defused Sweden's trading-grass-awards controversy, the key issue in the election campaign. Voters apparently took sympathy for the leader's plea for a reduction of less social spending and for the economic competition would create a society of "winners and sharp elbows." As a result, the Conservatives under Ulf Adenlund lost 16 of their 31 seats. The big winner was Bengt Westerberg of the moderate Liberal Party, who parlayed the military apogee and whose party more than doubled its total to 11 seats. The Social Democrats lost 11 seats, but more the loss have a social conscience," said Westerberg, "and we succeeded in winning their support."

Conservative leaders admitted that Falme, who treated in the polls earlier this year, had succeeded in pulling them off the defensive by portraying them as puritan and astringent. Using the same tactic, socialists in neighboring Norway nearly ousted the country's governing conservative coalition in elections just a week earlier. Still, Falme and his Social Democrats face a tough three-year term. Economists note high inflation and a \$74-billion external debt have strained the government's ability to maintain its generous social spending. With central banks baying on the coast, Falme will need all the political skills to preserve what he calls "the most humane and civilized social system ever created."

—NANCUS GEE with correspondents' reports

'THE BEST TEAM IN BASEBALL'



Exhibition Stadium: Toronto's B.J. (left) and the new object of affection.

The phenomenon caught the attention of Newfoundland RCMP constable George Christley earlier than most. The 36-year-old baseball fan from Northern Area had long been a passionate partizan of the National League's St. Louis Cardinals. But last summer his allegiance flew the coop to another bird, another team, another league and another country. The Toronto Blue Jays, with Christley last week, are "Canada's team—and they're going to win. It's like money in the bank." For his part, British Columbia legislator clerk Margaret Plagett, 7,000 km away on Vancouver Island, caught Blue Jay fever at the beginning of this season. Said Plagett, a former Detroit Tigers reader who lives on a rocky tip of Toronto's outer coastline, "I've definitely become the Blue Jays because they're Canadian. I'd feel the same if the team came from

Brazil. And in Moose Jaw, Sask., Mayor Louis (Sonny) Levey said a city network website that his constituents love the Jays this fall. Said Levey: "It's like in Toronto, I don't let anyone know about it. But we like a winner. They're talking about the Blue Jays on the streets."

This month, as summer slides into fall, the object of Canadians' affection is a talented if unheralded gaggle of 26 American blacks, Hispanics and good old boys in uniform Toronto who are paid in American greenbacks. So far, they are unattached by the drug scandals that have marred organized sport in the United States, and sportswriters particularly adverse there for their on-field teamwork and harmony. Said Toronto novelist and fan George Gibbon: "There is something civilized about the team." Many Jays have made their homes in

such suburban communities in Mississauga, west of Toronto, and they say they are comfortable there. And if they speak to reporters at all, they talk about their pets, and brothers and family life. Said Arkansas-born outfielder Lloyd Moseley: "I just love to go out and enjoy being with my kids and my wife."

Batting: The Blue Jays play in one of the league's hottest stadiums. It is an arena that Roger Angell, dean of American baseball writers, said is overshadowed by aluminum stars, impossible distances, an "unhappy tent-like atmosphere" and "leaky, seagull-like architecture." And Blue Jay fans, said RC writer and baseball devotee W.F. Kuwells, are sedate in the point of being "cosmopolitan." But see the Jays, well-entrenched on a daring and peppy quest for Canada's first baseball world champ-

ionship, how become a buzz word not only in neighborhood bars but around roadside road tables. The team and its drive for a crown that has never left the United States have set some small corner of the Canadian soul on fire.

Flatten: For all that, in some pockets of the country—the Maritimes, Montreal and parts of Ontario and the West, where traditional ties to other teams—there is more flutter than rapping fever. Daniel Fagot, a counterweight at Ken's House of Meats in Windsor, said he is a Blue Jays fan but added,

"Fifty per cent of the people here are still for the Detroit Tigers." As well, many Canadians following the Jays may be fair-weather fans—people who learn all about soccer plays and screwball overtures and then forgo the next meeting. For his part, Vancouver poet George Bowering, author of the impetuous Baseball, set down in the shape of a

poem, that his devotion to the Jays is strong and building fast. "I live it up with them," he said. "It is other fans who worry him. Added Bowering: "Five-tenths of the explosion is among people who love baseballizing when baseballizing is hot."

But for most of the three million people of Toronto, the spectacle of the Jays, it is more than a matter of enthusiasm. Toronto has not had an international exemption in professional sports since the then-lustre Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team last won the Stanley Cup championship in 1967. And the Jays' ascent takes many Torontonians back to the glory days of the 1940s when the Leafs brought home the Stanley Cup

four times in five years and a whole city debated postwar Turk Brode's epic struggle to shrink below 500 lb. The Jays are the new team locale, and Toronto's media have banked the fires of civic pride with mountains of hype. The Toronto Star, the country's largest newspaper, named some senior editorial staff lemons and vocations until the Jays won or lost and recently asked readers to send the team messages of encouragement.

Crowding: Even politicians were scrambling aboard the already crowded bandwagon after the Jays' crackling double victory over the haughty brewers of baseball power, the New York Yankees. Federal Industry Minister Sinclair Stessen welcomed U.S. Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige to Ottawa by saying, "Welcome to Blue Jays country."

And although Bruce Maloney's staff said nothing publicly about the Prime Minister's feeling about the Jays, said to Liberal Opposition Leader John Turner said that "his kids call it the money to him" when he goes away to watch intercollegiate games. In London, Canadian High Commissioner Ray McMurtry reads daily *Telegraph* reports from Ottawa about the Jays' progress. Said McMurtry, a former University of Toronto football captain: "There is enormous interest among all the Canadians."

As well, my source says, the high flight of the Jays has significant cultural and social implications. Darwin Bennett, a physical education professor at the University of Western Ontario in London and an expert on what he calls the "cored" subculture of the sport, said the Jays' success presents an opportunity to escape from the travail of daily life. Said Bennett: "If people feel good

about what the Blue Jays are doing, it gives them less time to be stuck about contemporary and historical racism." Poet, novelist and social critic Margaret Atwood, who lives in Toronto, said the Jays' challenge to American baseball supremacy is "like Richard the Lion-Hearted going out to war. When you fight on behalf of something, there is a transcendence of identity. Sports is a symbolic war."

Because the Jays are, an Gibson put it, "young and unknown—as Toronto is, as Canada is," this notion of assailing the American baseball empire has intensified fan fever in Canada and a host of international diatribe among U.S. ball fans. Baseball was born in the prize-

bound U.S.A. and is embedded in the American landscape. Said Gibson: "Like Coca-Cola, it is very American. But here I am, an ardent nationalist, profoundly engaged in an American game."

Thriller: And it is the Jays' dominance over the New York Yankees, winners of 25 World Series, a team so confident, and former Yankee slugger Reggie Jackson, that "they feel they can win," live thrills to many Canadians. Indeed, Kuwells, noted for his baseball novel *Shoeshoe Joe*: "It has a little to do with national pride—it would be regret to have the playoffs and World Series in Canada. But I hate the Yankees with a passion. Here is an expensive team from out of the country usurping the territory of people who win everything in sight. It will be quite a shock to American pride."

But Toronto fans have already blazed a trail to come by taking the Canadian national anthem in Yankee Stadium. As well, according to 61-year-old Jays fan Dorothy Arnold of Port Colborne, Ont., who travelled to Yankee Stadium, "with a few exceptions—mostly including things that 'F' word is not." But if New Toronto's white grows better still in the last heady days of the season, a U.S. government official said they will not be typical of all Americans.

He added: "Manybody here at New York City's Yankee Stadium, that for Canadians, whether in the living rooms of the coastal community of Northern Arns or in the stands of the boisterous and imperial march of Yankee Stadium, the Jays and their steadfast quest mark a meeting of ages."

—GARY HALEN with ADAM WALKER in Toronto; MICHAEL M. HALLBERG in Chicago; MARY MCCORMACK in Washington; and DAVID PERUTZ in London



How the Blue Jays did it

The organization is only nine years old and its players, collectively at least, are no newcomers that New York Times columnist Tom Hennes calls "the best baseball team that nobody knows." The Toronto Blue Jays' only star, wrote Boston Globe columnist Rob Ryan—who went on to mispredict his name—in pitcher Dave Stieb, a converted outfielder who now has a guaranteed \$12-million (U.S.) contract spread over 11 years and a won-lost record that is barely over 500. They play at home in what Jays executive vice-president in charge of business operations Paul Steiner calls "one of the worst stadiums in baseball." On the road, their customary acceptance dissolved on Sept. 12 when a visit to New York's Yankee Stadium evolved into an international incident after local fans booed the entrance of O Canada. But despite those oddities, last week the Jays were, and designated hitter Al Oliver, "not just the best unknown team in baseball, but the just plain best."

Heading into the final two weeks of the regular season, the Jays were well-placed in their quest to become the first Canadian-based team ever to appear in a World Series and the second Canadian team—after the Montreal Expos in the strike-shortened 1981 season—to win a divisional title. With 14 games remaining after last Saturday's 2-1 win over the Milwaukee Brewers, their 85-64 win-loss record was easily the best in the major leagues, keeping them six games ahead of the second-place Yankees in the race for the American League East title. At their present pace, they stand to join the charmed circle of teams to win more than 100 games in a season.

Amazingly But perhaps most significant in the continuing the Jays have shown in amassing their lead. Since the All-Star break in early July, they have never lost more than two games in a row and have dropped consecutive games only three times, including last week's pair of losses to the Boston Red Sox and Oakland A's. Tom Hennes, the latest to visit American who has blossomed into one of the game's best relief pitchers since being recalled from the Jays' Syracuse farm club in July: "We are consistent because we never change our way of thinking game to game, win or lose. We do not look behind, only ahead."

Another key reason for the Jays' consistency in their matchup balance and depth. The Jays truly are a team that does not rely on superstars. At the end of the week they had six players in the top 10 in any of the major offensive categories of batting average, runs batted in or runs scored. Their two leading hitters, infielders Hanes Muhlback and George Bell, are both proven players (who also alternate depending on whether the op-

positioning pitcher is right- or left-handed) who are not in the lineup every day. As well, the Jays have made 31 different player moves since the start of the season, including the acquisition and release of players and players placed on the injured reserve list.

Several players who were expected to be key figures in a pennant drive, including Stieb and reliever Bill Canfield, have had a disappointing year. Others, among them starters Jim Clancy and Luis Leal and catcher Buck Martinez, have been lost for lengthy periods, mainly through injuries. About the one missing pitcher, manager Bobby Cox

declared: "You never could have imagined we would be where we are without those two guys for so much of the season. We missed each year on 30 wins between those two guys." But several other players have risen from near-obscure to achieve heights far beyond anything that had been expected of them. They include late-inning relief pitcher Jim Acker (39 saves), middle-relief man Dennis Lem (34-46), starters Doyle Alexander (11-6-5) and Jimmy Key (14-4), and shortstop Tony Fernandez.

Remark: The Jays also boast what may be developing into the best two-way outfield in baseball. In left fielder George Bell, centre fielder Lloyd Moseby and right fielder Jesse Barfield. The collective result is a pitching staff that has the lowest earned-run average in the league—3.40—and a team batting average that has hovered around .275—second best in the league behind Boston—for most of the year.

Most of the credit for the Jays' rise to the top belongs to the two men who built their manager, Cox, 46, and 49-year-old executive vice-president Pat Gillick. Both happen to be former Yankee

staff members and are two of the most respected baseball minds in the business. Gillick, a California native who usually wears cowboy boots and hats, is one of the game's most astute traders and assessors of talent.

Stardom overtook George Steinbrenner, who knows Gillick well. In 1976 when he was player-developer and scouting director for New York's "You look at the Jays, and how good they are so quickly, and you look at Gillick, and you understand how this thing was put together."

The soft-spoken Gillick, who has been with the Jays since they started operating in 1976, has built the team with patience and painstaking attention to detail. One measure of success is how little time it took to make the Jays a contender. In 1977, the first year of operation, the team won 84 games and lost 107, finishing 45th games out of first place. But six years later the Jays began challenging for first place, winning 89 games and losing 73. Gillick now says that one reason the team improved so quickly was an early decision to disregard the temptation to build a team of older, established players near the end

of their careers. Instead, the Jays went for youth. Gillick told Mackenzie: "We felt that in the first three years, people would not be very critical. So we felt that the best way to go would be to acquire as many young players as we possibly could, regardless of position, as we traded away some veteran players for younger players."

That is a luxury not every team could afford. But Steinbrenner's "Bronx" has benefited from being able to build its team in front of patient fans. Try that strategy of "wait till next year" in New York and the fans will tear your hair off. In fact, one of Gillick's biggest regrets is a trade that would have involved Steinbrenner's Yankees. In 1977 he proposed trading 23-year-old pitcher Phil Niekro for young hurler Ben Gundy. The Yankees agreed, but Jays president Peter Bavasi vetoed the deal. Niekro retired later that year, while Gundy has been one of the

sway other teams possible to get players. The Jays roster includes players acquired through the professional draft, on waivers from other teams, from free agency signings, by trade and by plugging opposing farm systems. Four present Jays—large, Canfield, Alexander, second baseman Dawson Givens and first baseman Willie Upshaw—once belonged to the Yankees.

Stays: As well, sharp-eyed scouting has played a crucial role. After the Jays lost designated hitter Cliff Johnson to free agency last winter, they were entitled to claim a player from another team

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Jays' sharpie (Cox standing) in Yankee Stadium; Yankees pitcher Phil Niekro (left) / a consistency in amassing their lead

best major-league pitchers for eight years.

In their first year of operation the Jays had only 30 players in the major leagues, along with the 35 on their major-league roster. Now three players remain from the original draft, catcher Bruce White, middle reliever and pitcher Clancy. At the same time, Gillick had

in return. At the urging of scout Moose Johnson, they chose an unknown reliever named Tom Hennes, who finished the 1984 season with Texas Rangers' Oklahoma City club as farm team. The next best, five-inch Hennes, whose fastball has been clocked at 90 m.p.h., has taken over as the bullpen's lefty "stepper" since he played in his

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first Jay game last July 28. Said Cox: "He's been simply sensational." To take the deal full circle, the Jays last month retrieved the popular Johnson from Texas in a trade.

Detail: Gillick's attention to detail has extended to his choice of location for team ebbs. Because he wanted to get players used to the colder weather of Toronto, he chose nearby Syracuse, N.Y., as the site of the Jays' top-tier International League farm team. A rookie-league team went to Madison

prepared for each of the teams they will face during the rest of the season, as well as potential playoff and World Series opponents. Before each series each scout fills out standard information forms on the teams, gives a verbal report to Cox and Ellis and a more detailed report by e-mail which includes data on opposing players' strengths and weaknesses. As well, he is planning for scout Bud Gillick: "I would think that we might have three or four different focus on each team next year. We have

on index cards both opposing players, and New York Mets' Dave Johnson, who studies computer printouts, Cox operates through a combination of instinct, memory, the scout's reports and traditional baseball wisdom. But players praise Cox most for his patience and willingness to let the team develop without overmanaging. Said Glover: "Lots of managers feel they have to keep doing things just for the sake of showing they know how. Bobby, he knows he has the horses here, so he doesn't overmanage."

can League history (BIA310) boxing and shouting obscenities, 33-year-old shortstop Perotando made a key error in the first game that led to a Yankee victory. Before the next game Cox spoke soothingly to Perotando and several other players—and the Jays surprised everyone by winning the next three games to close 41 games ahead of the Yankees. In the Toronto dressing room after the final game of the series, the players greeted the wit with a calm bordering on detachment. Cliff Johnson, who had

own worst enemy. Said Boston first baseman Bill Buckner after the Red Sox beat him 4-5 last Tuesday: "You get a hit and then you get a dirty look—like, no way you are supposed to get a hit. It gets you pumped up and you like to beat that, 'dick, because everybody hates you.'"

Drugs: Still, the Blue Jays have not been troubled by more serious controversies, including drug use, that have touched other clubs. Other than Willie Adkins, who played with the Jays briefly

longer wages last week that the "Tattering Blue Jays" will be "fast getting to know during a post-season that will end closer to November than September" and told readers to "start rummaging for a toposet—and maybe even a pump-out." So far, the Jays only involve with real notoriety came during and after the New York series in seven incidents that branded Canadian scandalists. After some Yankee fans booed the singing of O Canada, the United States Embassy in Ottawa received letters of protest



Alexander (left), Jays vice chairman Peter Hantz (above left) and (above) Coudill add with, Davis the sharp-eyed scouting has played a crucial



Blat, Alta, because of the number of players the team had signed from the U.S. West Coast, while players signed from Latin America start out with a taste in Florida. When players move up through the system, they go to teams in North and South Carolina and Tennessee, where they are all close to the Jays' network of minor-league instructors and scouts.

New Gillick is celebrating the advanced scouting system the Jays have

some people in mind and know how we want to go about it."

The on-field activities of the team are in the hands of Cox, a rangy figure with a shaggy beard, eye pins and readiness for great bouts of shouting tobacco. Hours before game time, he usually wears up his arm with a battery of verbal or rather being going out to pitch batting practice. Unlike many scientific managers, including Baltimore's Earl Weaver, who keeps copious notes

As well, Cox's relaxed manner and downplaying of postgame pressure has helped ease tension for the players. Said Cox, with a yawn, before one recent game: "The next doesn't affect me at all. I still do the same thing every day and every night, preparing for the next game." That outgoing attitude was never more evident than in the crucial day-game series finale, 10-9, against the Yankees in New York. With the largest crowd for a four-game series in Ameri-

three runs-batted-in in the final game, lead reporter: "It's not that big a deal. You guys made this thing into a circus, but as I like the man [Cox], well, we play 'em out all a time, and this was just another one."

While Johnson is one of the more open members of the team, the Blue Jays' reserved behavior sometimes borders on solemn. The team is the major-league leader in the number of players who will not talk to the media. Among others, Alexander, Stieb and Bell have all recently refused requests for interviews. Before a game in Boston last week, Bell cut off one opening question by waving his hand and whispering: "I don't talk with God damn writers." Bell, who leads the Jays with 28 home runs, enraged Boston fans on June 28 when he launched a flying karate kick that rained Red Sox pitcher Bruce Knott after Knott had broken his back with a throwball during a Jays home game at Exhibition Stadium.

Secretive: As for Stieb, who many people feel may be the most talented pitcher in the American League, his frequent twitches, seers and complaints when other players on the team make mistakes have made him unpopular. Although Stieb has the lowest batting average in the American League, his win-loss record is only 18-11 and he is often his

this year after seeing eight months in jail for cocaine possession, the team has not faced any evidence linking its players with drugs. Gillick said the Jays can't even send advance scouts to the same hotel as players on the other teams "so they can keep their eyes and ears

—prompting U.S. Ambassador Thomas Nolan to issue an apology. On the same day, singer Mary O'Dowd, who forgot first the words then the melody while singing the Canadian anthem on Sept. 14, telephoned an apology to Toronto Mayor Art Eggleton and offered to sing the anthem there.

Toronto residents are already finding themselves the trustees. Indeed, inevitable, remarks by Americans control over Canadian weather conditions at playoff times. At the Toronto office of Environment Canada, climatologist David Murdoch complained about the tone of calls by U.S. reporters. Said Murdoch: "Get the Yankees off our backs. There is no difference between Cleveland and Detroit and Toronto as far as temperature is concerned. Our chance of having snow is the same as Chicago's. I cannot help feeling that they are

ones." But, he added, "I'm sure that we've had some players on that club—or might have some players now—with drug problems."

On the field, unlike their present biggest rivals, the Yankees, the Blue Jays have aroused more apathy than antagonism. The team has drawn only 1,744,480 fans for their road games, compared to 3,177,671, he notes, and many Americans have only begun to pay attention. Washington Post columnist Ken Den-

really trying to do a number on us." In fact, average weather conditions in Toronto during playoff and World Series time are chilly, but far from the windy climate many Americans anticipate the mean temperature in the city during the Oct. 8-16 playoff period has ranged from a low of 7°C to a high of 17°C. During the World Series dates of Oct. 18-27, the average high is likely near 12°C to 14°C and the average lows 4°C to 11°C, with a 30-per-cent



The five faces of Bobby Cox: (below) Gillick signing autograph using instinct, memory and traditional baseball wisdom



Photo: [unreadable]

choice of measurable precipitation throughout the month.

Along with weather concerns, some fans say they are worried about getting tickets to the games—and how to watch even if they get inside. Ticket prices for the World Series will range from \$88 to \$59 and will not be easy to obtain. After the 11,500 seats reserved for Jays' season-ticket holders are gone, only 10,000 of the remaining 18,000 seats at Exhibition Stadium will be available to the general public on a day-to-day basis. The other 11,500 are reserved for local sponsors, Jays staff and officials of other teams. Even the lucky few local fans who make it to a game may not be happy with their locations. Said Paul Beaman, Jays executive vice-president in charge of business operations, "We do not have enough really good seats." Estimates are that there are only about 15,000 good seats, and they are uncomfortable aluminum chairs. Even from the center dugout, players have to step outside to view the scoreboard, and the wind blowing in from Lake Ontario can play havoc with fly balls.

Legion: Still, few of these inconveniences are likely to matter to either Jays' players or their fast-growing legion of fans across the country if the team succeeds in its three-day goal of winning the divisional championship, the American League pennant and the World Series. For the players, getting there sometimes ball the fan. Said Jay outfielder White, "To say that you're not going to get bedeviled in your stomach when you go to the plate in a pennant drive with the winning run in scoring position is crazy. The adrenaline flows. It's the dream of every kid in the States to make it to the big leagues, make an All-Star team, play in the World Series."

For many Canadians outside Ontario, however, to lose a Toronto-based team is an equally daunting prospect. But some are discovering a national cynicism in the Jays' efforts, even though the team does not have a single homegrown player. Declared Toronto author Rick Rickle, "They are quite a Canadian team. They have that sort of Canadian trait of getting some thing done together, not as individual superheroes." Others are not as convinced. Said St. John's baseball fan William Cochrane, "There's a tiny red maple leaf embedded somewhere in the Blue Jays uniform. But you've got to really look for it." Clearly, though, given the glowing prospect of a team based in their country appearing in the World Series, many Canadians may choose to forgive, or forget, the ethnicity of their newly adopted heroes.

—ANTHONY WALSHWINTER with HAL GIBSON, JON MALKIN and ANN WALSHWINTER in Toronto and correspondence reports

The bottom line is beer

It has taken the Toronto Blue Jays only nine years to rise to the top of the toughest division in professional baseball. In the process of becoming contenders for the American League pennant, the team has generated record home attendance at Exhibition Stadium of 3,177,071 in of last Saturday's game against the Milwaukee Brewers. But one achievement the Blue Jays have not reached so far this season is moving into the black on the balance sheet. Said Pat Gillick, the

players' salaries have risen astronomically. When the Jays were born in 1977, the average was roughly \$52,000. Now it is \$440,000. With a payroll of \$33 million, Beaman said, "It costs as almost four times as much to run the team now as it did during our first year."

Increases: And while Jay fever has increased attendance, Jays director of ticket operations George Holm declared, "The increase in the cheap seats—because we do not have that many good seats." And if the Jays bring



Gillick: the name association, the promotional value and, ultimately, more seats

Jays' widely respected executive vice-president of baseball operations. "Right now I think that if we don't make it to the league championship series and the World Series, we're probably going to lose some money."

Bottom: The Jays' winning season could not have come at a better time. Although the team made \$1.5 million in its first season and broke even for several years after that, last year it lost more than \$300,000. One reason is the steep decline of the Canadian dollar. The Jays—owned by a limited partnership of John Labatt Ltd., Newco Investments (wholly controlled by Imperial Trust Co. president R. Howard Webster) and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce—must pay their players and many subsidiary bills in U.S. currency. Declared Jays executive vice-president of business operations Paul Beaman: "Where a U.S. business operating in Canada, every time the U.S. dollar goes down by a penny it costs us \$183,000." As well,

the World Series to Toronto, even that will cost the team and the stadium an extra \$500,000 just for three new press rooms to accommodate the 600 expected media representatives. Beaman said that extra revenue which the games will generate will not offset those costs.

But John Hudson, director of media properties for Labatt's, owner of 65 per cent of the team—the book value has increased by about 400 per cent in eight years—said that financial difficulties were of little concern. Added Hudson: "It is fair to say that we believe there are some intangible benefits to being a 40-per cent owner of the Blue Jays and that it is somewhat different from owning other companies. There is the name association, the promotional value and, ultimately, more beer sales. That is our bottom line."

—GLENN ALLEN with HAL GIBSON, ANN WALSHWINTER and JAMES WATSON in Toronto

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66

A macabre case of vanishing coffins

Richard Reeves wanted to go out in style. So in May, 1982, he visited Alvin R.D. Lindsay Funeral Home on Bay's Road in Halifax to arrange the details of his funeral. He decided to buy one of the company's best caskets—an air- and watertight model made of bronze and steel, complete with ornate "outreath handles." He paid \$2,985 in advance for the casket and "professional services" and another \$650 for a steel grave liner. But when the 45-year-old retired longshoreman died in January, 1984, the funeral home had no such casket. Former Lindsay employee William Woodman then asked Robert Lindsay, the owner of the home, what he should do. And in a Halifax courtroom, in a trial that was adjourned last week for one month, Woodman testified that Lindsay told him to transfer the body to a casket that retained for about half the price of the one Reeves had paid for. Woodman added that Lindsay assured him that because Reeves had made his own funeral arrangements, "Nobody would know the difference."

Lindsay, who sat as a liberal in the

Nova Scotia legislature from 1959 to 1970, is facing two counts of fraud and five counts of attempt to defraud in connection with the Reeves funeral and several similar casket-switching incidents. In addition to Woodman, several other witnesses testified about how Lindsay had misled bereaved

'I bought it, I paid for it, I felt it was mine and that, naturally, it would go to the crematorium'

customers—and even resold caskets used to display subsequently cremated corpses. Lindsay's lawyer, Joel Pink, never disputed that the casket-switching took place. The question left for county court Judge Ian Palmer is to decide whether the switching, as practiced by Lindsay, was illegal.

That issue first emerged on the trial's

opening day, Sept. 9, when Sheila Cole testified about the funeral of her husband, Wesley. She said that she first visited Lindsay's funeral home before Christmas, 1983, as Wesley was dying. Too distraught to view the casket display, she picked a hardwood veneer model from a brochure. Her husband died in April, and Lindsay's staff laid out his body in what Cole thought was the proper casket. Bad Cole: "I thought it paid for it, I felt it was mine and that, naturally, it would go to the crematorium."

Cole later paid \$2,395 for "professional services and casket" to Lindsay's funeral parlor. But Woodman testified that the casket did not accompany Cole's body to the local crematorium. He told the court that Lindsay told him to "just switch him to a cremation casket before you send him over." Woodman's account clearly antagonized Cole, who was in the courtroom. She exclaimed, "How could you do that to Wes?"

Lindsay, who has pleaded not guilty on all counts, testified that he was forced to change caskets because in 1980

the Dartmouth Crematorium, the only one in the area, stopped accepting caskets that would not burn properly. In one case, he added, a glass-fibre coffin "blew up" and caused a fire. One particular crematorium employee testified that all bodies from Lindsay's funeral

are Alton Melville, who now works for Lindsay's son Dewar in a Windsor, N.S., funeral home, supported that testimony. But three other former employees, including receptionist Mary Swaffier, William Power and Woodman—both men are licensed funeral directors and embalmers—disputed it.

Power testified that he told Lindsay on several occasions "We have to stop switching caskets. We are going to get caught."

In a trial replete with macabre details, the most gruesome moments came when witnesses described what happened to the caskets after the deceased were cremated.

Under cross-examination Lindsay admitted that it was possible that caskets might be reused, but only if their linings were unharmed or had been replaced. In a July, 1984, search of the funeral home, RCMP officers reported finding stains on the linings of several showroom caskets. Later tests to determine the nature of the stains proved inconclusive. But apprentice embalmer and former Lindsay employee Daniel Monbergieffle said

that he personally switched several corpses from expensive caskets to cremation mats in the Lindsay garage. He added that the caskets were returned to the showroom and the linings "stuffed up a bit and put back on the rack."

Lindsay's case was further damaged by the testimony of Bernard Francine, executive vice-president of Toronto-based Ashby Capital Resources Inc., which bought Lindsay's two businesses in June, 1984, through a wholly owned subsidiary, Memorial Gardens (Atlantic) Ltd. During a check of Lindsay's inventory in September, 1984, Francine said he was shocked to discover that some showroom caskets still showed the body impressions of former occupants.

Palmer adjourned the trial until late November. By then, the prosecution and the defence will have presented summations. But Crown Prosecutor Fran Potts indicated her strategy before the adjournment when she charged that part of Lindsay's motive was to increase the value of his casket inventory to \$40,000, in accordance with the agreement with Ashby. Francine had testified that the value of the caskets was only \$39,000. But during cross-examination, Lindsay insisted that he still had enough coffins to fulfil the agreement. He asked the startled lawyer, "What use?"

—JOHN BARBER with Chris Wood in Halifax



Lindsay: Alvin R.D. Lindsay

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Woodbine Centre in Toronto, starkly demographic surveys, restrictive lending practices and ownership concentration

BUSINESS/ECONOMY

The big builders' revival

When the 1980-83 recession washed over the Canadian economy, real estate developers were among the first victims. After more than a decade of ballooning real estate values, they suddenly faced a swiftly collapsing real estate market. Giants such as Vancouver's Daim Development Corp. and New-West Group Ltd. of Calgary suddenly found bankruptcy as buyers for half-finished office buildings, industrial parks and houses withdrew and interest rates on large bank loans skyrocketed. But midway through the third year of the recovery, commercial real estate developers are staging an impressive comeback. At the same time, they are embracing a new conservatism in their business practices. Devalued, floundering, bankrupt, or moribund of Montreal's First Quebec Corp., one of the city's leading office developers. "The days of putting up speculative buildings with no advance leasing are over. Nobody does it now."

The recovery is evident at street level. Shopping centre developers are having their best year since 1981. New office towers such as Scotia Plaza in Toronto and La Laurentine Building in Montreal are once again under construction

Even in the West, where property values fell more strongly than anywhere else in the country, there are signs that the three-year slide has bottomed out. Daim, which in 1984 reported a profit for the first time in three years, is again contemplating a building program in Canada and is already starting two California projects with American partners. And in Calgary, Oxford Development Group of Toronto is launching a \$125-million retail and office complex.

But it is the boardroom of the major real estate developers and the financial institutions that service them, it is evident that the industry has changed drastically. There is a vast amount of money available for new projects, but the lending conditions have rarely been more stringent in their loss-consciousness. Developers now have to devote more of their own money in projects and guarantee through performance bonds that subcontractors will fin-

ish a job on time and within budget. Detailed market and demographic studies determining a building's financial viability are now necessary (that is the recent past). And now, before construction can even begin, the developer has to have major tenants already agreed to lease. Said Norman Elton, president of Greenwood International Canada Ltd., a Vancouver-based development company: "The market is a great deal less forgiving. If you make a mistake, there is nothing in 1984—such as inflation—to bail you out."

There are also new sources of financing for the industry. Life insurance companies and pension funds with huge pools of capital are increasingly becoming joint venture partners with developers. The Montreal-based insurance company Le Groupe Le Groupe, for one, develops projects through a holding company, Les Fonds F.I.C. Inc. It is now building Place Laurentine, a 21-

Steele: a gambler



storey tower in the city's downtown, with two partners—Toronto's Marston Real Estate Ltd. and London Inc. of Montreal. Said Les Fonds' president, Guy Steele: "Before building began on Place Laurentine, 60 per cent of the space had been leased."

As well, the financial turbulence of the recession has led to increased concentration of power in the industry among eastern Canadian developers who have been buying up their weakened competitors. Some analysts say that the growing concentration between the Toronto and Montreal branches of the Brookfield family and Olympia & York Developments Ltd. (OYD), owned by the Birchmount brothers, is of particular concern. The two families have interests in each other's companies and have often been able to take advantage of the weaknesses of other developers and either buy them out or take large ownership positions.

In early 1984 OYD bought 10 per cent of Cadillac Fairview, which in turn is 51 per cent owned by Edgar and Charles Broffman of Montreal through Corp Investments Ltd. As well, OYD owns 21 per cent of Calgary-based Tritone Corp., the rest of which is ultimately controlled by Edgar Investments Inc., the holding company of Edward and Peter Broffman of Toronto. Tritone Corp. bought 50 per cent of Toronto-based Bramalea Ltd., which has shopping centres, office and residential holdings. And that November Edgar-owned Cavens-Thompson Inc. purchased 60 per cent of Toronto-based Havelin-Costin Ltd.

Some industry analysts now say that the major development companies are becoming so powerful that they will soon be able to control the development of most of Canada's prime commercial sites. And they are also looking for more acquisitions. Said Harold Steele, an analyst with Toronto-based brokerage Merrill Lynch Canada Ltd.: "In the future we may have even fewer competitors."

For their part, cash-rich insurance companies have been rapidly buying up real estate in Western Canada that has come onto the market because of the financial hardships of companies such as Daim of Vancouver, New-West and Carma Ltd., of

Calgary. Cambridge Shopping Centres Ltd. of Toronto, for instance, purchased three Alberta shopping centres from Daim in 1984. And last spring Montreal-based Real Canada Enterprises Inc. bought 40 per cent of Daim for more than \$150 million.

For both western and eastern developers shopping centres are currently their most profitable ventures. An overview, developers earn a percentage of the retailers' sales—and profits have soared because of the postrecessionary surge in

severe oversupply of empty office space in most cities. The same is true in downtown office buildings, which is normally five per cent, ranges from 14 per cent in Vancouver to 24 per cent in Halifax. A key reason for the surplus is that the insurance companies and pension funds—which own large office cash and are convinced of the long-term value of real estate—can hold large office space for the market. Said Christopher Daim, president of Toronto-based Royal LePage Ltd.'s commercial real estate division: "The market is investment-poor, not demand-poor."

Indeed, developers who specialize in office buildings say that the slow rate of economic growth does not justify speculative building. Said Ronald Steele, vice-president of planning and development at Olympia & York: "When we built First Canadian Place in Toronto in 1975 it was a big gamble that proved worthwhile. But we would not do it again now." Even spokesmen for lending institutions, which once competed to lend to property speculators, express concern about the plan. Said a vice-president at one major bank, who requested anonymity: "We are overbuilding again. Each individual decision to build a tower may seem sound, but collectively they are un sound." To protect their loans, lenders are now more stringent in evaluating a project's cost and the amount of income it will generate. Lenders now also examine the financial health of the major tenants in order to determine their ability to pay rent.

Loan requirements from all sources have now become so stringent that developers are turning to alternative methods of financing. William Hladman, president of Halifax-based developer Harrison Group Ltd., told Steele: "It is the only way to raise any single solitary type of security." Hladman recently began selling gifts in a \$4-million limited partnership fund in order to raise working capital. Winnipeg-based hotel developer and banker Lebevre Development of Canada Ltd. took a similar approach. It sold syndication units to 500 individual investors to raise 90 per cent of the funds it needed to build a Sheraton Hotel franchise in Winnipeg and another in Hamilton, Ont. Said Lewis Lantz, a Lebevre vice-president: "Syndication is an easier way of raising money than going to the banks." Indeed, one thing is clear now that the real estate market in the West is finally firming up, and the West is enjoying its best period since the recession. Canada's developers will soon find even more diverse methods of financing their projects.

—MICHAEL SARTER with JAMES FINE in Toronto, ROBERT KING in Halifax, DAN MERRICK in Montreal, ROGER NEWMAN in Winnipeg and MARK BLOOM in Vancouver



Montreal's Place Laurentine: an influx of money

A contest for Ottawa's travel dollars

For a decade Canada's travel industry has proved the federal government to be the true king that Air Canada and CP Air have maintained as official Ottawa's favorite travel budget. More than 5,000 travel retailers operating across the country wanted a chance to win the commissions made on airline and hotel reservations and car rentals arranged for federal politicians and civil servants when they

went alone. Travel Resources (Toronto) Ltd. has grown to an estimated \$100-million to 1985 sales from \$18 million in 1983 by building an existing business, acquiring competitors and forming alliances with other travel retailers. Said its founding owner and chairman, David Quibell, "You've got the big getting bigger—you have to, to get the special deals."

The government's travel commissions



Ottawa airport breaking Air Canada and CP's stronghold on federal travel

travel on business. Then, last spring Ottawa agreed to open its business, worth almost \$500 million, to competition. And on Oct. 15 the department of supply and services will close the bids on the largest travel contract ever put up for tender in Canada. Said Joe Bowman, the owner of a Montreal travel agency that is part of a consortium bidding for the contract: "The prospect of landing such a huge account has created excitement in the industry and has increased the tendency toward consolidation."

The government decision signaled an additional change in an industry that has already been transformed by the deregulation of some of its functions. In order to meet the qualifications set by the government for acquiring its business, agencies are under increasing pressure to streamline and merge. Indeed, in the past few years the travel business has changed from one dominated by small agencies with average annual sales of \$1 million each to one controlled by several large travel management companies with annual sales of \$200 million. One Toronto-based compa-

nies has won several of the federal government's largest contracts for airline tickets, hotel accommodations and car rentals are handled by the 150 Air Canada and CP Air employees who make up Central Travel Service (CTS)—which was first established for that purpose in 1988 by the government. But in his 1989 report Auditor General Kenneth Dye was critical of Central Travel. Said Dye: "We encountered some concerns that the CTS quality of service was less than adequate." In its call for tenders, Ottawa made it clear that it wanted to pay lower commissions because of the savings that large volume travelling allowed.

In doing so, the government was following a trend in the private sector, where corporations have sought to lower costs and gain standardized service across the

country. In the past few years such large national operators as Travel Resources, its competitors P. Lauson Travel and Martin Travel of Toronto, and Uniglobe Travel International Inc. of Vancouver have been winning accounts away from their smaller competitors as well as the airlines because they offer savings of at least 15 per cent.

They manage to offer cheaper service by convincing their suppliers that their thousands of customers deserve a discount. Said one travel executive: "It is just happening in Canada, it has already happened in the United States. The government is doing what every major corporate account is doing." For the travel industry, the importance of the government contract is the incentive over suppliers that it will provide to the underbidder Quibell. "Whoever gets it will be able to write his own deal because of the volume."

The competition for the federal contract has led some travel companies to better position themselves to win Ottawa's demanding requirements are set down in a 26-page Request for Proposal. That document, issued to 25 selected agencies last May, requires that the bidder firm provide round-the-clock, seven-days-a-week, bilingual, coast-to-coast service. To that end, American Express Canada, Inc. announced last month that it had purchased the 71 outlets of Hudson's Bay Travel Ltd., owned by Hudson's Bay Co. Inc., in order to expand its network to more than 150 retail travel outlets across the country.

And other companies had made similar moves to strengthen their national presence. P. Lauson Travel has formed a partnership with an Ottawa company, Ottawa-Algonquin Travel. Uniglobe Travel International Inc. recently sold its first Quebec franchise, and Martin

Travel, a Toronto-based consortium, entered the Quebec market recently with the purchase of Voyage Express in Montreal. Still, four months after the government invited new proposals, many travel agents remain intimidated by the stringent criteria.

"We're scared what we will do if we get the account," said one agency owner. "I think I will go out and shoot myself."

Bowman's excitement



—INTERVIEW BY BOB WALLACE in Montreal

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Newfoundland fishermen, dwindling stocks, low world prices and missing cod

Facing a fishing crash

In a good season, Alban Anstey earns about \$11,000 pulling groundfish from the sea. But this year the grey waters off Newfoundland's New World Island were so cold that few fish came close to shore—and Anstey made less than \$4,000 to cover his expenses and support his wife, Vicki, and their four young children. But because he had worked fewer than 10 weeks he did not qualify for unemployment insurance benefits, money on which he depends when water descends on his small town of Summersford, 400 km from St. John's in the northwest of the province. The family managed to meet its financial needs during the summer because Vicki Anstey worked part-time for the town council and Anstey's parents gave him a per cent of their old-age pension.

But last week Anstey, 45, was trying to scrape together enough money to travel to Ontario to find work. "If you sat down and thought about it," he said, "you'd go mad and put a rope around your neck." For him and for Newfoundland's 14,000 full-time fishermen their personal economic hardship has worsened this year as a result of one of the most disastrous seasons in decades. Inshore fishermen have lost the coldest water temperatures in 40 years

for keeping groundfish, especially cod, well offshore—and out of range of their nets. But that was only one of many problems confronting the industry. Newfoundland's giant fishing company, Fishery Products International Ltd. (FPI), is losing money and needs more government funds to survive. And two weeks ago the United States' International Trade Commission ruled that Canadian groundfish exports were harming the New England fishery. The finding opened the door to a U.S. commerce department investigation that could lead to the imposition of countervailing duties on Canadian fish, destroying the Canadian industry's competitive advantage.

The combination of low fish and government currents from the south is seriously threatening Newfoundland's fishing industry. Declared Richard Gahan, president of the 23,604-fishermen's union, Local 1888 of the United Food and Commercial Workers, "We believe that we can qualify as a natural disaster."

The immediate crisis facing the province's fishermen is the sharp decline from this year's poor net catch—a harvest that accounts for almost two-thirds of Newfoundland's fishing

Peckford angry



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industry. The 1985 catch is down 20 to 40 per cent from the levels that prevailed in the early 1980s. Canada's union estimated that at least 8,000 full-time fishermen and as many as 8,000 fish plant workers would qualify for little or no unemployment insurance benefits this winter.

The problems have been exacerbated by low prices and overfishing. Since the late 1970s herring stocks have declined drastically, the lucrative crab fishery has been poor, and prices for both herring and mackerel have declined. As well, the serious campaign of the past decade has destroyed seal pelts, minkets and federal conservation measures have shortened the legal salmon season.

Another pressing concern is the poor financial condition of FFI, the fishery's largest employer. The giant firm, which operates 28 fish plants and 55 trawlers and has more than 10,000 employees, is a blend of eight companies merged in September, 1983, after a federal task force recommended a major restructuring of the debt-ridden fish-processing industry.

But despite financial support from the new firm's shareholders—the federal and provincial governments and the Bank of Nova Scotia—FFI was troubled from the start. About \$26 million in cash from Ottawa was held up by federal-provincial squabbling until April, 1984, and the money was then used to pay off old debts rather than make new investments. As well, several fish plants in settling communities were not closed—as the task force recommended—because of social considerations. As a result, FFI is not operating at top efficiency.

Indeed, last week the company filed a five-year plan with the federal and provincial governments, which included a request for \$245 million in new equity FFI, which is expected to lose \$40 million in 1985, and it needed the money to pay for operating costs, to close down some plants and to modernize others. That, in essence, will put it on the road to becoming "economically viable" within three years—and return it to the private sector by 1991.

Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford says, however, that money-making National Sea Products Ltd., Nova Scotia's largest fishing company, now threatens his province's industry. National Sea has asked the federal department of fisheries for permission to purchase Atlantic Canada's first huge factory trawler transfer, capable of freezing cod and redfish within minutes. Peckford says that if a transfer were approved there would be requests for others and already low fish stocks would become even more depleted.

Also of concern is a U.S. commerce department investigation into 58 pro-

cessment programs such as unemployment insurance. According to spokesmen for the New England fishermen's organization, the North Atlantic Fisheries Task Force, those programs comprise subsidies of the Canadian private-fish industry. If the commerce department's report, expected at the end of October, upholds those charges, the U.S. government may decide to impose a crippling countervailing duty next year.

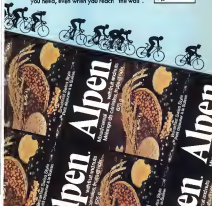
Federal officials are now helping fish industry spokesmen in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to substantiate their

position that the \$506 million (U.S.) worth of Canadian groundfish exported to the United States last year did not hurt New England fishermen. And that dispute is certain to be discussed if Canada and the United States go to the long-pending table to discuss free trade. Meanwhile, most of Newfoundland's fishermen have only welfare cheques—and memories of the lean catches of past summers—to help them through the winter.

—MARTY JAMULIAN with PETER HUGHES in St. John's and CHRIS WOOD in Atlantic

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The Fries King and free trade

By Peter C. Newman

Regional reaction to free trade with the United States is fairly predictable: the West wants it, Ontario doesn't. But what's the word from the Maritimes, specifically the region's most successful international entrepreneur, Heriberto McCain?

"What I've guaranteed success—that's what we want," he thinks. "My basic complaint is that some economists claim free trade between Canada and the United States should be based on some magic 50-50 formula. That certainly wouldn't work for Canadian agriculture, or manufacturing, or that matter. Even if you forget about the conventional wisdom issues, like the economies of scale, the Americans have enormous climatic advantages and cheaper transportation costs. So when they claim that 50-50 is a fair deal, it doesn't well sit."

McCain, who exports to 26 countries and manufactures in seven, wants Ottawa to negotiate free trade in specific sectors so that Canadian farmers, fishermen and manufacturers would not only gain access to the larger arena but be guaranteed a share of the expanded market as well. This would amount to negotiating a series of sub-pacts involving various industrial groupings and commodities.

Not uncharacteristically, McCain is concerned about agriculture in general and spins in particular. "Agriculture in this country, but not there, is run by marketing boards," he points out. That helps make the price of Minnesota cheese, for example, just a fraction of what it is in Ontario. Under free trade, our farmers couldn't stand the competition, and our government that supported the closing up of important parts of Canadian agriculture would not stay in power very long.

Engaged with passion, McCain believes that the Americans would swamp Western Canada with cheaper brands, because many farms in Washington state, for instance, enjoy 500 times the productivity of Alberta, or Manitoba fields. Much of the land is more fertile, it is serviced by sophisticated irrigation systems, and the view has a longer growing season.

"Peter Lougheed displayed a very credible approach about free trade," accuses McCain. "His grandson moved far from Ontario as a result of growth in Alberta and consequently overbooked the flow of manufactured goods that would flood into Ontario. I'm an internationalist by

nature, but this carte blanche approach is not fair. Anytime following it would be making a tragic mistake." McCain is particularly concerned that so much industrial capacity in the northern United States is underemployed because manufacturing expansion has largely been transferred to the American Sunbelt. Under a free trade arrangement, U.S. manufacturers would renege their production into these underused facilities, allowing them to compete even more fiercely in the Canadian market. McCain does not hide his disappoint-



McCain, free trade and brand loyalty

ment in Brian Mulroney. "He's probably a pretty good fellow, but whenever he speaks all I hear is a great deal of verbosity. Why the hell doesn't he just spit out what he intends to say?" Trudeau went too far the other way, but I admired that. You have to take your chances—spit it out, and get it over with."

The Fries King believes that the true wealth of any country is the education level of its citizenry. "My idea of an

educated man," he says, "is one who is not worried about getting his last gasp. Where are the books?" McCain is baffled that, despite the high quality of Canadian schools and universities and the fact that many graduates have drifted into business, there are "so damn few doors." McCain certainly qualifies as a "door" himself. Armed with his three brothers and two sisters, in 1953 he inherited a modest semi-pasta business which has since become one of Canada's most successful international businesses.

This summer, without any public announcement, McCain Foods Ltd.—still privately owned by the family—passed the \$1-billion sales mark. The company now employs 7,000 people in 25 factories on three continents—and is rapidly diversifying out of its original french fries lines. In 1981 McCain purchased a large Toronto-based average juice company from Daniel K. Ludwig, the New York resident believed to be the world's richest man. He has also bought three cheese plants in rural Ontario with which he intends to challenge the American cheese giant, Kraft Inc. He believes that his company's strength is based on brand loyalty. "McCain is established and has good brand acceptance in Canada, Australia, Germany and England," he says. "Brand loyalty is not widely understood outside the food business. It doesn't show on the balance sheet but it is the company's most valuable asset."

Harrison spends at least 100 nights a year on the road, and his private jet must be the only aircraft in the world that flies a flight plan from Flomenville, N.H., to Amsterdam. McCain was recently sitting in a commercial jet beside an executive of Datapoint, a telephone and telegraph (ITT Corp.), detailing the scope of his operations. The big wheel from ITT asked how many layers of executives the New Brunswicker employed at his international headquarters. Harrison offered to put a bottle of champagne if he could guess.

Flustered that McCain was too self-confident to share much decision-making and to probably run a lean shop, the ITT man estimated that a staff of 50 might be just enough to run the billion-dollar empire.

"I work as it part time, so does my brother," McCain shot back, "and that's our total international staff."

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How 1,600 people paid \$250 or \$500 each, depending on table location in the California Ballroom of The Westin Renaissance Hotel in Los Angeles, to attend Elizabeth Taylor's Hollywood AIDS benefit meeting. Commemorative Life Renaissance on three stages in the 20,180-square-foot room by hostesses Cynal Luper, Rod Stewart, Carol Burnett, Christine Cavanah and Sammy Davis Jr., guests dined on a California salad of local vegetables topped with olive oil, sea scallops with a light sauce and chocolate cup with mangoes, blueberries and raspberries. Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley, one of the subjects of the event with Taylor, applauded the stars who helped to organize the gala to raise funds for research to combat the disease that has smitten actor Rock Hudson. Hudson's Los Angeles publisher, Dale Skene, said that the acting actor was unaware of the details of the event but he knew it had been held. He added "He is pleased of course." Criticizing the lack of government funding for AIDS researchers, Bradley said that the gala-goers were helping to fight "fear and ignorance about AIDS around the world." He added, "There is a battle being waged against this terrible disease—and the war must be won."

With his shoulder-length blond hair and spiked belt, heavy metal rock performer John Mellencamp, 35, looks more like a candidate for a prison cell than a police academy, but the Vancouver native is making his film debut as a motorcycle cop. A former Mr. Canada and Mr. U.S.A. bodybuilding champion

Stallone: 'lopped up in a motel room'



Carol Burnett and a salad with surf-and-turf events

who gained recognition as a musician in the 1970s in Canada before he moved to New York in 1979. Thor describes his film role as "a character, a role in the movie Anarchy, as 'a Con on wheels.' But Thor added that he did not want to become typecast. Said Thor: "I would like to play a doctor or maybe a judge or some banker in a suit going through a love crisis." After sitting in Revere's in locations around southern Ontario, Thor is scheduled to begin a fall concert tour in the United States. Stating that he would never give up music for movies, Thor declared "Back in my blood, my heart are David Bowie and Prince, and—like them—I want to do everything."

A feed news for languages led British writer and translator John David Morley, 35, to jobs in Germany and Japan, but it was his favorite Oxford professor, Nevill Coghill, who got him his

first job as a tutor in the 1960 household of Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. Said Morley, who was travelling across Canada last week to promote his first published book, *Pictures from the Water Trade: Adventures of a Waterman in Japan*. "Nevill taught Burton at Oxford, and I taught the children languages, history and how to write a sentence." Based in Munich, where he worked as a language exchange student, Morley lived in Tokyo between 1973 and 1976. He studied the culture and wrote about it in *Pictures*, a book that reads like a novel but is based on real-life events. Morley, who says he spent 10 years writing it, calls it a "document." He added, "The first book I wrote was a novel—I am still reverting it."

Singer, songwriter and actor Frank Stallone, 35, says he does not have to live in the shadow of his older brother, Sylvester, because he had his own career as a musician for 20 years during which he "made a lot of money." He did that by writing "Peace in Our Valley," the theme song of the movie *Anarchy*, as "a Con on wheels," and co-writing *Bar From Over*, a hit single which is also one of the John Travolta movie *Straw Dogs*. Also, New in Cincinnati, Ohio, 58 km northeast of Toronto, Stallone is playing the part of a detective in a science-fiction episode called *The Pink Chameleon*. He says that he is "having a ball" on the set, but that he spends the rest of his time "moped up" in a hotel room. The handsome



Thor: 'a Con on wheels'

cin-fest bachelor added that, although his movie character is attractive to women, he does not get the same attention in Cleveland. Added Stallone: "They just kind of whistle and hoot at me."

—By NICK LAMARCA

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Streis (Mirren) with Dancer: a portrait of an incomprehensibly dramatic woman who excels at being her past

FILM

Remembering the brave face of youth

PLENTY
Directed by Fred Schepisi

The heroine of David Hare's *Plenty*, Susan Tremane (Helen Mirren), is an extremely successful modern woman living an affluent life in post-war Britain. But Susan is haunted by her youthful ideals and the memory of her work as a Resistance fighter in France. She talks about the war as though it were a lost love, the only thing she feels nostalgic for. "You'll meet someone for an hour or two and see the very best of them." One encounter particularly obsesses her: a quarrel (Alan Neil) who parachuted into a small French village, made love to her and then departed. He left her his cufflinks, and she still keeps them in her purse. In the maternalist atmosphere of England after the war, Susan feels a traitor to her values. In fact, she is so alienated that her condition rambles the viewer.

The director, Fred Schepisi (*The Cider With Rosie*, *Blackmail*), is not entirely to blame. Hare, who adapted his play for the screen, offers his heroine no chance for reprieve. And unlike the play, the film unfolds chronologically—30 years of winking a privileged woman grows more desperately empty. Susan Tremane is not lively, being a good friend to Alice (Tracey Ullman) and an

attentive lover to Raymond (Charles Dance), a kind but colorless diplomat. She succeeds at everything she puts her bright mind to, she thoroughly controls every aspect of her life. Yet she cannot banish the thought from her mind that she has lost her ideals. Rejecting "a real and genuine marriage" to Raymond, she chooses a simple and seemingly independent young man from the lower classes to make her pregnant. When she cannot conceive, she is urged, doubtfully, to become Mark (Streis), a man who has had the nerve to fall in love with her. Her lapse of control pushes her over the edge and into a nervous breakdown, and eventually she has to enter an institution.

In fact, Susan is not so much a character as a dramatic metaphor as a critical case of mental illness. Hare provides no background about Susan's life before her late teens, as Streis plays her, she seems constantly unstable even in those gaily dazed Susan is written as a dithering

woman, but Streis cannot convey the strength of character she needs to dominate. When the long-suffering Raymond reveals her from the hospital and insists that, Streis raises Susan's complaints to an even shriller note until she falls apart again during a dinner party. Since had Streis's performance been more appropriate, the movie would still have been the portrait of an incomprehensibly tedious woman.

Plenty does have its compensations. The rest of the cast are first rate, with one sparkling gem: John Gielgud as an ambassador whose droll and apparently hypocritical exterior hides a sensitive but deeply caring man. Bruce Rutherford's poignant scene and the revealing quality of sunlight which cinematographer Ian Baker has captured are also there to admire. But underlining these pleasures is Susan's relentless pursuit of pain. The moral of *Plenty* seems to be that misery loves company—and gets it.

—LAWRENCE O'CONNOR



Streis: disapproves love

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A crime of true passion

DANCE WITH A STRANGER
Directed by Mike Newell

As Ruth Ellis, the last woman hanged in Britain, Miranda Richardson gives a scintillating, utterly memorable performance. Ellis's story was a simple one: she met a young man who treated her poorly and betrayed her, and then she shot him. But as British director Mike Newell's *Dance With a Stranger* reveals it, Ruth Ellis's life had an almost tragic grandeur. Her relationship with David Blakely (Rupert Everett), a spoiled son of the upper classes, was intense as both a romance and a battle. As Richardson portrays her, Ellis was a woman unable to contain her emotions and certainly capable of a crime of passion. But by the time she goes down Blakely's ladder, London pub in 1956 — "David," she calls to him steadily, then shoots him several times... the audience is helping her pull the trigger.

Turkey written by playwright Caryl Churchill (*A Taste of Honey*), *Dance With a Stranger* uses Ruth Ellis's story as a metaphor for the human tendency toward self-destructive love. Ruth, who has a son by a previous lover, works in a club that is little more than a glorified brothel. She has a long-suffering mother, Desmond (Sam L. Jones), who could provide for her handsomely. But she chooses the younger David, knowing almost from the first instant that he will make her life miserable. It is during their first love scenes that Richardson reveals her particular magic: she unashamedly shows the audience how much Ruth enjoys physical pleasure. It is during scenes like these, embroiling her in the way, and on a deep, inimitable level it reveals both Ruth's hunger for a decent life and her conviction that she does not deserve one.

Despite her conviction, David sometimes seems strangely sympathetic; he has a child's endless soul trapped in the body of a man. David returns to Ruth again and again because he cannot sleep without her. He beats her, often when drunk, because he feels she profits him. What truly separates the lovers is a

profound class difference. Ruth is a lower-class, stock market Maurya; Blakely is a wealthy, stock market Maurya. She resents David's stuffy friends and having to live hand-to-mouth at a time when most people have the money to get by. She has no social standing, no money and a lover who mistreats her. What makes her character exciting rather than depressing is that neither Blakely nor Richardson whitewashes or sentimentalizes her. Ruth is tough, impulsive, thoughtless and occasionally stoic.



Richardson: a performance of daring intimacy

poet, yet the viewer's sympathies are with her because she is so wholly alive. Some of the credit for Richardson's performance must go to director Newell, who has been able to coax moments of astonishing intensity from her. His stalling scenes with and debating pining give *Dance With a Stranger* an entrancing tension. But it is Richardson herself whose viewer will ultimately remember, in a role telegraphed as much physically as by dialogue. Some of the most devastating scenes are wordless. Ruth rising from her bed late at night as the miniature and homely-looking woman of the club in a rage. Richardson is able to suggest an emotion he cannot for life and as great a wish she death—a wish fulfilled for Ruth Ellis by a hangman in 1956.

—LAWRENCE OTTOLE

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MEDICINE

Easing pain with heroin

Canadian customs officials will not confiscate the 30 kg of heroin (street value \$60 million) scheduled to arrive in November from the United Kingdom. The reason, Health Minister Jake Rypa's announcement earlier this month that the federal government has sanctioned the use of the powerful narcotic in hospitals as a last-resort pain-killer for patients suffering from chronic, severe pain. Still, although the Canadian Medical Association endorsed the medical use of heroin last August, Rypa's declaration created only restricted enthusiasm. For one thing, the association says that the government's restrictions are too limiting. Said CMA spokesman Loren Hoir: "We just don't feel that the sort of government interference in how medicine should be practiced is acceptable."

In 1954, after the World Health Organization recommended that the medical use of heroin be curbed, Canada banned the drug even though such countries as Britain continued its use. But last summer the CMA officially endorsed heroin's pain-killing qualities and added that the drug also effectively counteracts the depression that often afflicts patients with such illnesses as terminal cancer. Indeed, the CMA wants the government to allow physicians to prescribe heroin at their own discretion. Declared Hoir: "It's a matter of ending it so restrictive that you tie the patient down to a hospital." Added Toronto gynecologist Kenneth Walker, author of a syndicated newspaper column under the name Dr. W. Gifford Jones: "The minister has reached a compromise when patients are dying in agony."

Still, other organizations say that the government's guidelines are not restrictive enough. Police spokesmen say that they fear hospitals in which heroin will be available may be subject to more break-ins if adequate security measures are not adopted. And the Ottawa-based Canadian Pharmaceutical Association maintains that other drugs, just as effective as heroin, including morphine and Dilaudid, exist. Said association spokesman Carsten Krogh: "The evidence does not support the view that it is better than products now available." But Walker rejects those objections. Said Walker: "If that's the case, then all the physicians in Great Britain are wrong."

—PETER KOPPELMAN in Toronto

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ENVIRONMENT

The greening of the scar

From the jagged summit of Mount St. Helens, volcano experts can see clear evidence of the destruction still present in the steaming crater beneath their feet. To the north, 24 square miles of once-forested land lie buried under the rocks, mud and ash spewed forth when the volcano exploded five years ago. Shortly after the massive eruption on May 18, 1980, which killed at least 57 people and destroyed 11 homes worth of timberland and property, some scientists predicted that this wasteland in the southwestern corner of Washington state would remain sterile for decades to come. But already, reopsis and other plants are blooming in the volcanic desert, and birds, fish, deer and elk are returning to browse on vegetation growing in the earliest dead zones.

Declared Rogers Reister, a Vancouver, Wash.-based specialist in tree cultivation with the U.S. Forestry Service, "recovering from the devastation caused by St. Helens New its top. As many as 35,000 tourists a day have walked past blasted trees and over ash deserts to stand alone in the shadow of the source of the devastation. Forestry service officials prohibit casual visitors from approaching any closer than six kilometres, and only scientists involved in monitoring the volcano are allowed into the smoke- and steam-filled crater itself, where a 288-foot-high lava dome has formed from molten rock bubbling to the surface. Using laser instruments to measure the dome's growth and with computer-linked sensors to monitor changes, researchers from the U.S. Geological Survey have successfully predicted 16 of the last 18 major eruptions on Mount St. Helens. One reason for their success, earth tremors and gas emissions occur more frequently as large amounts of lava move through the Earth's crust. But

Below the crater, plants growing from seeds and spores carried by birds and insects are reclaiming the volcano soil

a volcanic blast is the greatest challenge faced by nature. And it is happening here. Nature is starting to reclaim the mountain. Indeed, a 150-km restricted area around the still-active volcano has become an open-air laboratory for botanists, geologists and zoologists who are documenting the greening of Mount St. Helens. Wildlife studies of the explosion botanists found that the roots of such hardy plants as lupines, cattails and dandelions had survived within 10 km of the volcano and were growing through ash layers six feet deep. Now the botanists have recorded more than 100 species of plants in the volcanic soil.

Another legacy of the Mount St. Helens explosion is an attempt to improve organic forecasts for killer volcanoes around the world. The most destructive volcanic eruption in the history of the United States has even spawned a thriving local tourist industry. 1.7 million visitors have travelled to the Cascade Mountains site during the past five years. Many return here with rock souvenirs or volcano-shaped ash- and-papper ashtrays or one of the 80 variations of T-shirts commemorating The Day Mount

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Daniel Dzurita, a volcano expert with the U.S. agency in Cascades, Wash. "The rate of change increases dramatically just before an eruption."

Mount St. Helens is only one of 108 active volcanoes around the world, but the 1980 explosion drew attention to the fact that most researchers were still trying to predict eruptions by personal observation of volcanoes. Since 1965—with its budget increased eightfold to \$12 million—Geological Survey scientists have wired the mountain with computer sensors which can record, analyze and pinpoint the locations of these

sands of earth tremors a day. Said Survey staff member David Hill: "It would take five people two to three years to do what the machine can do in one day."

Still, even with laser instruments and computers at their disposal scientists are unable to predict how intense a volcanic eruption will be. Specialists studying Mount St. Helens say that the 8,000-foot mountain may remain active into the next century, but gauging the severity of an imminent explosion is still an uncertain craft—as was evident last May. At the time, the mountain had not discharged any sizable quantities of

lava or ashes for eight months, and the increased intensity of earth tremors convinced scientists that a major eruption would come soon. U.S. Survey officials quickly established a 20-km danger zone around the mountain, but the volcano eventually produced a blower instead of a rain: the only apparent change after the danger zone had subsided was a new 1,000-foot crack in the lava dome inside the crater.

Meanwhile, below the still-smoking crater, plants growing from seeds and spores carried by birds and insects are slowly reclaiming the volcanic soil. And late summer winds blowing across the blast zone provided a supply of airborne fertilizer—as much as 16 tons of dead insects are blown into the area each summer from nearby forests. And while



Mount St. Helens: computer scope

researchers expected a slow revival of plants and animals in the blast zone, the swiftness of the recovery has surprised many.

At the same time, most of the 2,500 residents in the small community of Castle Rock have decided to remain on the banks of the Cowlitz River, 12 km downstream from the volcano—even though 800 area residents lost their homes in the mudslides and flooding that accompanied the 1980 blast. Said Jan Neumier, the 59-year-old manager of the chamber of commerce who has lived in Castle Rock all her life: "We have respect for the mountain. The scorched land around Mount St. Helens is turning green again, but scientists with high-tech equipment cannot say with assurance how long the volcano will remain that way."

—MICHAEL BOWSER in Castle Rock



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Prisoners in sexual cages

THE HANDMAID'S TALE

By Margaret Atwood
(McClelland and Stewart,
328 pages, \$22.95)

In her new novel, *The Handmaid's Tale*, Margaret Atwood has imagined the kind of society that every right-wing, "Christian," pro-family activist deserves. The Republic of Gilead is a new fundamentalist America of the not-so-distant future in which women know their place and men know how to keep them there. The book is full of satiric twists. American neoconservative leader Phyllis Schlafly should be forced to read Atwood's portrait of Serena Joy, a white purpl singer and family lobbyist who helps to establish the new order but finds that it consigns not only other women but Joy herself to the reconditioned hearth and home. Despite its comic moments, *The Handmaid's Tale* turns out to be the most perfectly satisfying and intense of all Atwood's novels. From



Atwood: secret police, satirical words and color-coded women

the first paragraph, which sets the scene in a training centre for a new category of women—"handmaids," or surrogate mothers who are to make fruitful the sterile marriages of the elderly leaders of Gilead—the

book is hijacked by sermons.

Atwood puts words to the real vocabulary of satire chiefly because she chooses to present Gilead through the eyes of one of its prisoners, a handmaid known as Offred ("of Fred") in Serena Joy's household. The women of Gilead are color-coded to emphasize their roles: Commanders' wives, like Serena Joy, wear Veil; Mary blues, their daughters dress in white. Handmaids, called "Harties," wear scarves like gloves, and "Sonnovipers"—married to poorer men and forced to be wives, mothers and maids—wear stripes. Handmaids wear long white habits of sear with long red gloves and flat-heeled shoes; the red is meant to signify not sexuality but life's blood. As "two-legged wanks, sacred vessels, ambulatory chalices," they are implicitly not the mistress of commandments. To do her duty Offred must be, draped except for her underparts, under bright lights and between the legs of Serena Joy, while the Commander tries to imagine she is merely an extension of his wife.

Complicated as yet so rare and suffering, Offred is the perfect mirror of the contradictions created by that life in Gilead. She sometimes allows herself to remember the past, her husband, Luke—who is either under arrest, dead or a fugitive in Canada—or, more dangerously, her daughter, taken from her because Offred's marriage is a threatened man was called "scholarship." Mostly she attempts to be blank-minded, willing in her bedroom in the neo-Victorian family home that seems to be the Gilead standard. Offred concentrates on surviving, on escaping the fate of femi-

nism and rebelling including her own mother—labelled "Unwoman" and sent to the colonies to sticken and the tender Gilead's toxic wastes.

Atwood is brilliant at imagining how the one tiny area of power—giving birth—changes the powerless. Offred struggles to hold at bay each sporting old notions as he fully is a virgin, virginity, privacy and identity. Like a good handmaid, she hopes to conceive. She is usually moved by one of the state's new rituals, a funeral for an embryo, the size of the black funeral par in mourning it was only two or three months past conception "when it flowed to its death." Offred wonders how she can forget the old powers of her body: "I used to think of my body as an instrument of pleasure, or a means of transportation, or an implement for the accomplishment of my will. Now the flesh savages itself differently. I'm a dead congealed around a central object, the shape of a pear, which is hard and more real than I am." But as each unfertilized month passes, "I see despair coming towards me like famine."

Something has to fill that emptiness, and the sterile emotions of an old man will not do. The hold Gilead has over Offred founders on its own contradictions. Her body, muffled against touch, longs for it. Her womb, programmed for conception, finds its own illicit match with the one virile male on her limited horizon. Yet Offred's rebellion is almost against her will. She makes love without trust and takes the way out that her lover offers, not knowing whether he is helping her to escape or betraying her into the hands of Gilead's secret service. Atwood's novel is as much about the human propensity to police and betray each other—in strict and conform to artificial and destructive standards of behavior—as it is about any apparent courage of the human spirit.

In fact, Offred's tale itself ends as an effectively ambiguous and melancholy note, she returns a blank as accompanied by security police, thinking, "And as I step up, into the darkness within, or the light." Readers should stop there, ignoring the book's so-called "Historical Notes" that Atwood has tacked on as an unsuccessful attempt at the urge to parody. The notes are the imaginary proceedings of an academic symposium on Gilead held years after the republic's disintegration. Atwood satirizes the academic urge "to understand" rather than condemn oppressive societies and unnecessarily fills in some blanks of Gilead's history. But the joking tone of the notes undermines the lingering effect of the novel. In *The Handmaid's Tale* the poet is more potent than the academic.

—ANNE COLLINS

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Mystery in a moral tale

A MAGGOT

By John Fowles
(Oxford, 455 pages, \$61.00)

As a novelist, John Fowles is unquestionably earnest. For him, fiction has a moral authority equal to that of philosophy or theology, and its mission is nothing less than the exorcism of life. But Fowles, best-known for his 1969 novel *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, also delights in mastering life's bag of tricks. If his code seems frivolous to Fowles, fiction can at least grasp truths that laboratory logic never touches. As the mysterious protagonist of his new novel remarks: "I may have deceived you in the letter. But not in the spirit." Although *A Maggot* employs clever literary devices and is at times a curious, even postmodern work, Fowles has become weighed down by his novel's imperative. The result is a polemical piece of literature that is forced to be a novel.

For his new work Fowles chose a deliberately limiting title with a double meaning. In the 18th century, in which the story is set, "maggot" meant "a whim or quirk." But in his prologue Fowles also explains the term as a metaphor for the novel-in-progress, "the larval stage of a winged creature." *A Maggot* evokes then a haunting vision of a group of travellers picking their way over a despoiled English landscape. It is with that picture that his tale begins, as it unfolds, the metaphorical maggot becomes symbolic of Fowles's central theme, the emergence of a new order from the corrupt carcass of the old. His bookends of change are 18th-century "Disasters," radical British Protestants almost forgotten in the secular 20th century. In their defiant assertion of individual rights in the face of religious and political repression, Fowles sees the birth of the modern psyche.

On one level *A Maggot* is a detective story that becomes caught up in metaphysics. The group of travellers, led by its sensitive, silent young man who calls himself Bartholomew, is journeying westward on a mystery tour. It includes a high-priced London prostitute, a middle-aged actor and a shifteen Welsh drifter. All are Bartholomew's linkages—and his deeper. Engaged in a lady's maid, the prostitute thinks that Bartholomew has hired her as an instrument in an elaborate cure for his own impotence. The two men believe that they are assisting in a romantic intrigue. But it becomes clear that Bartholomew has actual interest in sexual

matters. Alas, Fowles's narrative tremors with the recurrent image of Bartholomew kneeling by his bed in agonized prayer—or despair.

A terse newspaper account follows, reporting that the hanged body of Bartholomew's man is servant has been found in a remote woodland. Meanwhile, Bar-

tholomew really happened to Lord B. Her agents find her in a Manchester slum, born again in a manner of a dispossessed. Ayresough at first refuses to believe her conversion. But with triumphant simplicity she tells the incredulous lawyer how she and her companions followed those gulls into the belly of a

great floating maggot-like creature—a travelling ship—which carried them off to a paradise ruled by both a male and a female god. Lord B. is allowed to remain there, but Rebecca is sent back to Earth, where she is tormented by visions of bloodshed. With laborious references to 18th-century weaponry, Fowles makes sure that no one misses the point. Rebecca has seen the future, and it is ugly. Frustrated, Ayresough concludes that Lord B. is deluded by eccentricities into mistaking "holiness" for "hellishness to mortals," has killed himself.

Ironically, Rebecca defies not only Ayresough but Fowles himself. Her otherworldly journey should have constituted the novel's climax. Instead, it is mundanely static. Innocence such as Rebecca's, purged of all real experience, is hard material for a novelist to handle. For the transformed Rebecca the struggle is over. She has much to tell and nothing to learn.

In his epilogue, shattering art for a podium, Fowles charges that at the dawn of the Industrial Revolution modern man took a spiritual wrong turn. Ignoring the "Disasters" called for "mortality, misery and self-control," man became the slave of conscience. Fowles's conviction is unshakable and his pessimism eminently understandable. But in *A Maggot* politics and fiction fail to connect. What is left is the shell of a novel, technically impressive but hollow. Fowles should have placed more faith in his imagination; instead, it, both the letter and the spirit of his work wither away.

—BRADLEY HENDERSON



Fowles: looking both in inspiration

Bartholomew and the rest of his companions have vanished without a trace. Then, an English soldier has been overjoyed. Ayresough to find his missing rebellious son, Lord B., who turns out to be Bartholomew. Ayresough's relentless interrogations of witnesses—dramatically presented in verbatim transcription—reveal that Lord B. is a madman, has abandoned power and privilege to search for the key to time itself. To Ayresough, his client's son is a madman, to Fowles, he is quintessentially modern.

Ayresough becomes convinced that Rebecca Lee, the prostitute, alone knows

A season of substance and escapism

As the golf between the small screen and the big screen narrows, cinematic values are redefining the look of prime-time television. Last season *Miami Vice*, which has amassed a record 15 Emmy Award nominations, changed the ground rules for television drama with a glossy style borrowed from film. And, predictably, the new fall schedule abounds with clones of the show designed to reproduce its pastel visuals and rock-'n'-roll rhythms. At the same time, the American networks have drawn on the talents of seasoned Hollywood film-makers to reinvent one of television's oldest narrative traditions—the anthology series. NBC has recruited the carefully blood-curdling *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* while editing Steven Spielberg to produce *Amazing Stories*. But nowhere is the influence of film more pervasive than in the new fall lineup of Canadian programming. A surge of activity by independent film-makers has raised the quality of homegrown drama to an unprecedented level—and yielded programming with cinematic substance as well as style.

Although the U.S. networks have moved Hollywood directors to television with big budgets, a scarcity of resources has forced Canadian broadcasters to mount coproductions with film-makers. The CBC, CTV and Global networks have all taken advantage of new repertoires of "Canadian cinema" which allow the foreign-funding agency to invest in much less than 40 per cent of a production's budget. The CBC led the way, increasing its Canadian drama by 25 per cent over last year—in 180 hours from 96. And despite budget cuts, the network shaved half an hour off its weekly quota of U.S. imports, reducing it to 6-8 hours, can-on-viewer David Harvey estimated that it costs the network \$16 million to replace a regular hour of American programming with a "comparable" Canadian show. Still, Harvey stressed, "Our number 1 priority is to reinvent U.S. programming."

Breaking the prime-time series format, the bulk of the new Canadian drama consists of 77 movies, feature films, specials or mini-series. Highlights of the CBC schedule include a four-hour production of *Anne of Green Gables*, starring Megan Follows, Colleen Dewhurst and Michael Fassbender. Director Donald Brittain has created the intricate *Samuelson's Canada's Sweetheart*. The show of *Alfred C. Banks*, the story of the legendary *Seinfeld's* International



White, Arliss, McManis of *Grosse Pointe*; Arliss, Scaria of *Hollywood Beat*; Shephard on *Bird* (below) glossy cinematic values

Union gangster. And *Twice Little Fishermen*, the tale of a 14-year-old boy with a Cree Indian mother and a Jewish adoptive father, explores the cross-cultural mix of racism in Western Canada. The CBC has made a regular 8 p.m. *Saturday* time slot available for such specials. The first, to be aired this week, is *The Cadogan Road*, a poignant 90-minute drama about marital infidelity based on an original script by Terence Rattigan. Boreford-Bore and starring Elizabeth Shepherd. *The Jew Part*, Global TV is continuing with its *Bell Canada Playhouse*, a series of half-hour vignettes produced by Terence's Oscar-winning Atlantic Films. Each show weaves more dramatic tension than an afternoon of car chases and shootouts.

No matter how much the nutritional value of Canadian content improves, junk-food imports continue to dominate prime-time schedules. This season Canadian viewers can choose from an array of American barons racing Formula cars down main-choked streets in pursuit of Hispanic drug dealers. Or the various *Abner* TV iterations, the closest copy is *Abner's*, which teams as investigative newsmagazine reporter with a black on-camera in a world of sparse dialogue and lush sound tracks. High-fashion interiors of peace and calm serve as a Los Angeles antidote to the pink-and-again regime of *Miami Vice*. The underworld has never looked more glamorous.

More intention as ABC's *Lois Laid*, a show about

a female detective that makes violence almost pornography. In star, James Ross, took gun-handling lessons from Clint Eastwood, earning the nickname "Dirty Harriet." Another crime show, *Hollywood Beat* (ABC), pays self-mock-

ing homage to *Miami Vice*—instead of a black Ferrari and a red Cadillac, it's a black and white undercover cop drive a *Peugeot* and a black Cadillac—but its style is unfunny. Still, the show deserves credit for one scene in which a grocery car explodes a triple sign is mistle for crashing to the ground.

Avoid the low-cost roles and carnival violence of the American crime shows, CTV's *Night Heat* is refreshingly low-key. Shot in Toronto with Canadian actors Jeff Winstall and Scott Hylands, the show's detectives are unassuming men in dark clothes who drive hairy sedans. Last year *Night Heat* became the first hour-long Canadian series to penetrate the U.S. market, drawing as many as five million late-night viewers on CBS opposite NBC's *Johnny Carson*. Now in a prime-time slot on CTV, the series comes to Canadian television for the first time this fall.

As for sitcom comedies, the brightest and most original appears to be *The Golden Girls* (NBC). Written and produced by Susan Harris, the creator of

Soap, it features Bea Arthur, Betty White and Rue McClanahan as a sharp-tongued trio of middle-aged single women living together in Miami. The barge of irreverent one-liners, poking fun at the fear of growing old, catches on instantly with the television. With pink hair, finger rings and periwinkle flashing through the credits, *Golden Girls* has been dubbed "Miami No."

There are also a number of attempts to copy *The Cosby Show*, which topped last year's ratings for new programs and brought NBC closer to its goal of replacing CBS as the leading U.S. network. The most shameless *Cosby* clone is *Glorious and Company* (CBS), which stars Flip Wilson and Gladys Knight as a middle-class Chicago couple with three precocious children. Like *Cosby*, Wilson is a former stand-up comedian, but he is not funny enough hitting down. Still, the show is more amusing than *227* (ABC), a dreary sitcom about a black family in a rundown Chicago apartment. The pale *Cosby* imitator is *Growing Pains* (ABC/Global), in which a former talk show host, Canadian Alan Thicke, portrays a psychiatrist with three children who moves his practice to his home after his wife remarries. Her career as a journal list Thicke is convicted by both the children and the script. Meanwhile, one departure from the *Cosby* format is CTV's *Chick B* (CBS), which stars Betty Annand, wearing Bob Adams (*Get Smart*) as a cynical supermarket manager.

In a more serious vein, viewers who prefer virtue to vice can take a safe excursion into the ghetto via NBC's *Hill Town*. Robert Baskin (Barrett) plays a grief, beer-drinking priest who keeps the peace in his slum parish and warns everyone who will listen that "no one dies in Hill Town unless it's from old age." The show is self-righteous and sentimental, but if Michael Landon's success with *Hillman* is any indication, *Hill Town* may have as terrific viewers who tire of *Hill Town* can always retreat to *Homecoming* (CBS), a vapid attempt to recycle the 1960s concepts celebrated in the movie *The Big Chill*. A more direct spin-off from the big screen *After-Crazy* (CBS), which only

reminds the viewer that the cinematic model was superior.

Film has its most effective impact on prime-time TV with the new anthology series NBC's *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*. Features such directors as Brian De Palma, Clint Eastwood and Martin Scorsese, who create new dramas from a blend of vintage and original scripts. In one harrowing episode, director John Huston stars as a grizzled Las Vegas gambler who bets a sports star against an opponent's left baby finger. As well, NBC has scored a coup by buying Spielberg to produce the 44-episode *Amazing Stories*. With all details about the plots being kept under wraps, the show serves as NBC's weapon in its ratings battle with CBS, which has countered by reopening *The Twilight Zone*'s last-and-furthest department of displaced dimensions.

Competing with the biggest budgets and hottest talent Hollywood has to offer, Canadian networks will have a hard time holding a halfway against U.S. imports. But some of the new Canadian programs convey experience and insights that money alone cannot buy. The CBC's new half-hour series, *The Way We Are*, offers its low-budget dramas produced by regional stations during the past year. And the CBC's *Canada 8* Co brings the popular radio host back to television as a travelling interviewer meeting "Canadian achievers" across the country. With neither a sports career as Italian designer suit, Peter Gossard may not win any ratings wars—but his series and other Canadian offerings may help to mark meaningful into an eclectic medium.

—BRIAN D. JOHNSON

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- Fiction**
1. *Shattered Glass*, King (1)
 2. *The Fourth Deadly Sin*, Sanders (2)
 3. *Lucky*, ...
 4. *Unsubstantiated*, ...
 5. *Confessions*, ...
 6. *The Other Women*, ...
 7. *Chick B*, ...
 8. *Jehal*, ...
 9. *The Red Fox*, ...
 10. *How*, ...
- Nonfiction**
1. *Success*, ...
 2. *Young*, ...
 3. *The Canadian Encyclopedia* (1)
 4. *A Passion for Excellence*, ...
 5. *A Day in the Life of Canada*, ...
 6. *Girls and Me*, ...
 7. *Dancing in the Light*, ...
 8. *Mr. Abraham's Body*, ...
 9. *Memories*, ...
 10. *Heart of Oak*, ...

(1) Previous best seller

Another flourish of symbols

By Allan Fotheringham

There are few enough symbolic gestures. René Lévesque—the son of symbols—can make them. He was the symbol of the Quiet Revolution, authorizing Québec's hydro resources and signalling to the ruling Anglos that the rules had changed. He was the symbol of separatism, frightening the rest of the country out of its wits. And then, to the disgust of the Parti Québécois, he became the symbol of sovereignty-negotiation—perhaps, maybe, somewhere down

the road, off in the busy future. That shattered the party he founded, and now, his usefulness over and his tenure down to the last few days, he has just one symbolic gesture left: he makes his final political tour in the United States, to emphasize his point that he feels more comfortable and at home in that "foreign" country than he does in a Canada he does not believe in.

He is trailed down in Philadelphia—another symbol: Liberty Bell and Independence Hall and all that. In this defiance, this final little show of affection for America in his dying days is power, as last cocking of the neck at Ottawa and all those enemies at hand in the north of the border. "Of course," he says. He is relaxed and turned, his health restored from those traumatic days when his party was disintegrating before his eyes. Women who recognize him are drawn, as always, to the day soon—his nervous energy a magnet.

Can he say when he decided he indeed feels "more at home" in the United States than north of the long-ununderstood border in the world? "I can pinpoint it for you precisely. When I decided to join the service, I had to decide who would kick me in the yoo-koo-where." If he was going to be kicked around, he wanted to be kicked around by the American army rather than the Canadian one.

That would be after he was kicked out of his Laval university law class by Louis-Philippe Wigmore, a Supreme Court justice, for smoking

Reel, one imagines, rather like the kids. The lady who was his family's neighbor in Little New Canaan on the Grand Peninsula, where he grew up, says he had to be tied to a tree on a leash because he barked so much with the other kids.

A grand and interesting war as a U.S. Army correspondent behind him, he has never forgotten his Reel feelings for Americans. His government now has eight affairs representing Québec spread through the United States, from New York to Atlanta to Los Angeles. He misses as how he became almost too

party that is shaving him out. The impression remains that it was Johnson, son of former Union Nationale premier Daniel Johnson, who initiated the Québec early 1981 year by threatening to withdraw Lévesque with a pledge to shelve the independence theme. The PQ became just another political party when its mere manifestations equalled that of its tired old rivals.

His beloved Québec? It is his "spring in his heart all over." He goes back to the 1960s, when "the basic infrastructure had to be laid down," not mentioning that he was one with Jean Lesage and Eric Korman in those days. Back then, only four per cent of the Québécois went to university. Now, he recites proudly, the figure is 30 per cent.

Rest of all time is six years business or economics courses. That compares with one in 10 in the rest of Canada. It is the "measuring of the Quiet Revolution." In the bad old days of the Quiet Revolution, the 52 per cent of the population that was francophone earned just 30 per cent of the economy. Now, the man who is leaving now says with satisfaction that the number has risen to 48 per cent.

He is too staid and too insipid—the little boy tied to a tree—to appear the statesman, but the grade and the perspective are there. He lacks in the attention of American academics as this final tour, they seeing him not as a threat or a curiosity but as a historical figure who tried a brave experiment and, having failed, looks back with humor and no visible bitterness.

He is going to head over his power immediately (when the cool Johnson is chosen Sept. 20). He is going to travel in Scandinavia, one of the few places in the world he has never been. He is spending two hours every day at the typewriter, putting it all down. "But not—definitely not—political memoirs." The old energies seem to be returning.

"You know what I would really like to do? To take a Grade 1 class—the little kids—and teach them things." He pulls an American dollar bill from his pocket. "Watch these. That close is an American dollar and this is a Canadian dollar and explain some things." That's René, ever the teacher, always the symbol.



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Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

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